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THE REFORM DEBATE.

THE House has resumed the discussion of the Reform Bill, without any change having been made in the position of parties or in the attitude of the Government. In different forms the old arguments have been stated and restated, and the same appeals have been made to the passions, the fears, and the hopes of opponents and supporters. The question has been once more asked, Shall we pass a Reform Bill? and the answer has once more been given, that, although to pass a decently good Reform Bill would be an excellent thing, to pass a thoroughly bad one—a mere fragmentary, one-sided, incomplete Bill—would be a very unwise thing. The great meeting of the Liberal party produced nothing but an appeal to that party to remember Lord RUSSELL's services, to vote as he wished, and to believe that he would take care that no harm should happen from the Bill being read a second time. The Government, by using every means of pressure, by satisfying one lukewarm supporter with one sort of promise and another lukewarm supporter with another sort of promise, has done its very utmost to secure a majority on the second reading. After that is to come the deluge. No Minister even suggests how the Franchise Bill is to be carried through both Houses when it is taken in conjunction with several other Bills on which the Government is pledged to stand or fall as much as on the Franchise Bill. The Government is always standing or falling now. It is always crossing its Rubicons, breaking its bridges, and burning its boats. It is to go out if the Franchise Bill is not carried, and so it is if the Redistribution Bill is not approved; and every argument used by the more independent of its supporters is met by the unvarying threat that if it does not receive a blind unwavering support, through thick and thin, right and wrong, it will go out of office. Some advantage will probably be derived from this, and the Government will perhaps get a majority—a majority largely composed of reluctant and unwilling supporters—on the second reading. The Rubicon and the bridges and the boats will then be done with, and the Government will think it may stand with credit; but the real discussion will only then be begun, and the Opposition, as a mere party manœuvre, might perhaps have reserved their strength with advantage until the Redistribution Bill had been produced, and the whole scheme of the Government revealed. The debate on the whole scheme must be equally long, discursive, and elaborate whenever it is produced, and the only question now is whether the Government shall receive such a condonation for bringing in a mere fragment of Reform as will enable it to retain office. The Opposition, therefore, might have waited until the real subject of discussion arose. But the most direct and effective course, perhaps, is that which has been taken, and if the Government claims the approval or pardon of the House for having attempted to treat Reform bit by bit, the Opposition is entitled to point out and insist upon the magnitude of the mistake that has been made; and those Liberals who, like Lord GROSVENOR, strongly disapprove of the policy adopted by their leaders, and dare to call their souls their own, give an example of honesty and independence by opposing the second reading which they could not have given if they had waited for the production of the complete scheme.

We may take it for granted that there are no arguments against Lord GROSVENOR's Resolution except those which are derived from such vague and remote considerations as the duty of supporting Lord RUSSELL, the necessity of redeeming Ministerial pledges, and the expediency of winning the approval of the working-classes. Mr. GLADSTONE made a long, a fierce, and a declamatory speech, but he did not adduce a single argument against the Resolution. Lord STANLEY, on the other hand, made point after point in support of the Resolution, and there

is no reply possible to his arguments except that, however strongly reason may be in favour of the Resolution, general expediency is against its being adopted at the present crisis. That a Bill for the redistribution of seats is much more wanted than one for the extension of the franchise, and that it is impossible to calculate the effects of reducing the franchise unless the effects of redistributing the seats are taken into account, is as plain as daylight. There is no use in discussing how many new voters the Franchise Bill would add to the electoral roll, or how many of the whole number of voters would belong to the working-classes, or how many boroughs the working-classes, if united, could control, unless it is known in what localities the voting is to go on. Let us suppose that, if the present constituencies were preserved, there would under the Franchise Bill be an increase to the whole number of voters of 400,000; the Redistribution Bill may, for all that any one knows, increase this enormously. If twenty large Northern towns were substituted for twenty small Western towns, the total number of electors in the English boroughs might easily be raised in a most marked manner. The more extreme advocates of Reform think that the Government measure is far too moderate, and that the working-classes, even if the franchise were reduced to 7 $\frac{1}{2}$ l., would form much too feeble an element in the constituencies. Who can tell at present whether this is so or not? If the Redistribution Bill takes away seats from boroughs where the working-men are few, and transfers them to the boroughs where working-men predominate, the Bill may be made to go very much further than it is supposed to go by its friends or its foes. Then, again, calculations are made to show that such or such a number of boroughs will be completely under the control of the working-classes. These calculations are ingenious enough as far as they go, but they only go a very short way. No one who makes the calculation has the necessary data. A few strokes of the pen in the framing of a Redistribution Bill would double at once the number of these boroughs. The fallacy of the whole argument of the Government as to the moderate nature of their measure lies in this, that they draw their estimates from the present constituencies, and reserve to themselves the power of changing the constituencies, and so furnishing an entirely new set of data. If the Government openly said that it made no matter how many men voted, and that all Britons and Christians might as well be voters as not, then it would not alter the calculation of consequences very much how the seats were distributed. But this is not at all the line which the Government adopts. It offers us a moderate Bill, a Bill based on figures, a Bill guarding against a sudden transfer of political power, and then it reserves to itself the privilege of bringing in another measure of which no one knows the provisions, which may make the present Bill an extreme one, entirely alter the figures, and transfer in a few months the great political preponderance to a class that has now but a small portion of political power.

It is only, therefore, in a spirit of courtesy to the Government, and from a desire to seem to their constituents to be doing and saying something, that members can pretend at present to analyse the effects of the Bill now under discussion. Those who, like Mr. LOWE, object to all reduction of the suffrage can discuss the Bill thoroughly, for their case is clear before them; but the vast majority of the House wishes to have a Reform Bill, and only asks to know the objects and the limits of the measure proposed. This the Government declines to let them know; they shall know soon, but the first thing is to pass a complimentary vote, as a sort of testimonial to the Government. The members for small boroughs will then be told how they are to be affected by the complete measure, and will naturally begin their resistance if they find their interests endangered. It was, as Lord STANLEY observed, very artless art to suppose that these members would be entrapped into carrying a Franchise Bill, and then, when they

had made themselves powerless, would meekly await their condemnation. It was making this art still more artless when Mr. BRIGHT kindly explained beforehand the secret to those who were intended to be taken in. But the whole of this artless art will be quite at an end when the Redistribution Bill is laid on the table. Lord STANLEY, however, suggested that the Ministry may have an art that is by no means artless, and that those members for questionable boroughs who vote for the second reading may find themselves rewarded by their borough being spared in the Redistribution Bill. Nothing is more easy than to do a friend a good turn in such a case, unless the borough he sits for is notoriously and ludicrously bad. And this is a mode of exercising pressure or influence that can scarcely be detected. No one will know what changes are made in the Redistribution Bill after the Franchise Bill has been read a second time, and the bargain will be made, of course, in a very indistinct and vague way. Or, more probably, no bargain will be made; but, as it is obvious that the members who sit for boroughs that ought to be disfranchised have now a great opportunity of rendering a last service to those who can make or destroy, the Government could trust to their calculation of their own interests. A more unsatisfactory state of things can scarcely be imagined; and although great allowance must be made for those who think the best thing is at this moment to go with their party, and to keep in office a Ministry which is probably as efficient as any party or combination could now produce, yet it must be owned that the Ministry scarcely deserve to be treated so leniently, and that the mistake they have made in throwing away the opportunity of passing a moderate and complete measure has been a most serious one.

AMERICA.

THE political and constitutional struggle in the United States becomes more and more interesting and doubtful. The issue raised between the prerogative of the PRESIDENT and the legislative authority of Congress is not less important than the solution of the great problem which has been created by the defeat of the Confederacy. The expediency of admitting the representatives of the Southern States to Congress, or of governing the conquered territory by military force, is not the only question which the American people must ultimately decide. It has not hitherto been necessary to ascertain in practice whether the centre of constitutional gravity is placed in the Executive or in the Legislative department. Even if the Bills which have been rejected by the PRESIDENT are ultimately passed over his veto, their provisions will be almost inoperative as long as the Government is administered by a friend of the South and a supporter of the rights of the States. The Judges of the Supreme Court and the United States Marshals will be powerless to enforce laws which will be justly regarded as violations of the domestic independence of the States. The Freedmen's Bureau is only able to exercise its functions because it consists of military officers, who can command, in case of need, the support of the Federal army of occupation. Congress has no power to prevent the PRESIDENT from withdrawing every soldier from the Southern bank of the Potomac, and the negroes would derive little benefit from the mere letter of an unconstitutional Act of Congress. In some respects, an elected ruler, whether he is called an Emperor or President, enjoys a marked advantage over an hereditary sovereign in a collision with an Assembly. Mr. JOHNSON is, like his opponents, chosen by universal suffrage, and, instead of representing a district, he is the nominee of the entire country, or rather of the Northern States. He cannot be forced to dismiss his Ministers, or in the smallest degree to modify his policy; and he administers, without dispute, the entire patronage of the Union.

As might have been expected, the breach between the PRESIDENT and the Republican majority in Congress becomes constantly wider. Both parties endeavoured with commendable prudence to postpone a collision, but the divergence of the two opposite systems could not long be concealed or palliated. In a temperate message to the Senate, Mr. JOHNSON has explained his reasons for refusing to sanction the Civil Rights Bill, as a measure which purported in certain cases to supersede the judicial and administrative authority of every State to which it might apply. As the PRESIDENT astutely remarks, the citizenship of the Union might be conferred by the Bill on persons who were not recognised as citizens by any single State. It is a graver objection that heavy penalties are imposed on State officers who might in any way infringe the legal equality conferred on all natives by the

Bill. The establishment in all parts of the Union of a criminal jurisdiction of undefined extent certainly seems inconsistent with the principles of the Constitution. It is not, however, certain that Congress will a second time submit to a defeat. It is believed that the Republican majority in the House is large enough to pass the Bill over the PRESIDENT's veto; and a vigorous effort will be made by Mr. SUMNER and his friends to attain a similar result in the Senate. One member of that body has recently died, two or three are seriously ill, and the seat of the Democratic Senator for New Jersey has been successfully assailed. The numbers on either side are counted with extraordinary solicitude; and, if the Bill is passed, the PRESIDENT will have received the most serious check which Congress has power to offer. There is no reason to suppose that he will be intimidated into the abandonment of his own deliberate policy. He may reasonably believe that the people in the North will support him, and he is certain of the gratitude of the States which he protects from Federal usurpation. Some of his enemies have invented a singular explanation of conduct which, to impartial observers, appears to require little apology. According to the theory of indignant Republicans, Mr. JOHNSON is at last yielding to the irresistible blandishments of rank and fashion. It was as the opponent of the great Southern landowners that he acquired local popularity; and when his antagonists resolved on secession, his own devotion to the Union was strengthened by the additional motive of personal jealousy. In his unfortunate speech when he took office as VICE-PRESIDENT, he repeatedly boasted that he was a plebeian; and the amnesty or proscription which is still unrevoked denounced as traitors all the inhabitants of the Southern States who had the misfortune to possess a competency. It is now suggested that the PRESIDENT has been softened by the admiration and well-earned gratitude of opponents, who may have been formerly disliked because they were objects of envy. The stern tailor of Tennessee has the opportunity of taking rank with the Southern aristocracy, and he is consequently false to the principles which he had maintained for thirty years. As Mr. JOHNSON's critics oddly remark, he was a small slaveholder, belonging to the poor white class which always regarded the negro with exceptional dislike. Revenge upon the black, and reconciliation with the supercilious planter, are supposed to form sufficient temptations to warp the integrity of a President who was but lately the theme of universal adulation. The Americans have a happy knack of introducing degrading personalities into every political controversy, and almost every considerable soldier or politician might be convicted, on the evidence of his opponents, as a drunkard or a swindler. As Mr. JOHNSON's forcible arguments defend a policy which appears to be just and prudent, European experience teaches that moral obliquity imputed by bitter enemies is not the most plausible explanation of the PRESIDENT's system of reconstruction.

If Mr. JOHNSON held a permanent office, it is almost certain that he would triumph over his adversaries. The great power which the PRESIDENT derives from patronage has not yet been exerted against the Republicans, but the conforming Democrats are already admitted to a share of favour. During a recent State election in Connecticut, a postmaster wrote to inform the PRESIDENT that he was about to vote against the Republican candidate who opposed the system of reconstruction, and he offered to resign his place if his conduct were disapproved at Washington. The PRESIDENT immediately signified his cordial approbation of the postmaster's conduct, and accordingly it is understood that Democrats may hold the offices of which they may perhaps soon enjoy a monopoly. It is not certain whether the remainder of the Presidential term will be long enough to secure the predominance of Mr. JOHNSON's policy. Two years hence there will be a new election, and the positive statements that the people support the PRESIDENT are not to be implicitly believed. The majority in Congress may perhaps represent popular opinion, and the late State elections have for the most part given the victory to the Republicans. Although Mr. JOHNSON has professed indifference to re-election, he will almost certainly receive the Democratic nomination, and the party to which he is apparently returning is still discredited by the associations of the war. The election of Mr. CHASE in 1868 would be the signal for trouble, if not for revolution.

The next Presidential election will probably involve the gravest difficulties. Mr. JOHNSON's title is undisputed, because his election, although it was sectional, took place in the middle of a war; but in 1868 it will be necessary to decide whether ten or eleven States are absolutely disfranchised. The decision of the North may be doubtful, but if the Southern people are admitted to vote, no Republican candidate will have a chance of election. On the other hand, a large section of the

community will dispute the title of a PRESIDENT elected only by the dominant section. It is not impossible that Mr. JOHNSON and some Republican opponent may severally claim a majority, and it would seem that the question between two constituencies can only be decided by force. The defeated party in the late struggle acquiesces in the fortune of war, but no patriotic citizen of a Southern State will in this generation vote for a Republican. General LEE, the mildest and most prudent of men, was lately examined before the Joint Committee on Reconstruction as to the condition and feelings of Virginia. For the most part his answers were encouraging, as he believed that his fellow-citizens were only anxious to repair the evils of war. He expressed a favourable opinion of the disposition of the negroes, although he doubted their inclination to pursue steady labour; and he thought that after some years the State might recover its former prosperity. In answer, however, to questions from members of the Committee, General LEE admitted that Virginians would not associate in private with Northern strangers, and he refused to express an opinion whether, in the contingency of a foreign war, the South would be disposed to join the enemy. The active or passive disaffection of six or seven millions of American citizens is not a trifling drawback to the strength and prosperity of the Union. The people of the North are learning a lesson often rejected with scorn and indignation, that it is easier to defeat a hostile community than to conquer loyalty and affection.

AUSTRIA AND PRUSSIA.

EVERY day seems to bring war nearer in Germany, and very strong influences must be at work to restrain the opposing Powers, or blood would have been shed before this. Diplomacy can do no more. Austria has summoned Prussia to disarm, and Prussia has flatly refused. Austria has accused Prussia of intriguing against her in Italy, and Prussia has given the assent of silence. Austria says that she considers the mobilization of the Prussian army a menace to her, and Prussia replies that she considers herself directly threatened by the concentration of Austrian troops in Silesia. One of the two parties must give way if peace is to be maintained, and must give way in an open, unmistakable, humiliating manner. In the language of boyhood, there are two cocks in the school, and that can never last. They must fight it out and prove which is the stronger, or one of them must discover that fighting is vulgar and coarse and not approved of by ushers, in which case the same result is obtained, and the school recovers its composure and looks up with innocent admiration to a single champion and tyrant. And at present Austria has the great advantage that she, with the applause of Germany, has given the challenge, and has only to wait and see whether Prussia accepts it. That Count BISMARCK would be delighted to accept it, if he dare, no one can doubt. There is an end of him and his policy if he does not, and the horrors of war are not likely to deter him. But the more he studies his position, the less he must like it. Nothing is certain, solid, and satisfactory, whichever way he looks. The King of PRUSSIA, although possessed with the military feeling of reluctance to yield at the command of an enemy, notoriously hates a war with a German Power, and has those scruples as to setting on foot a civil war which any man in his position who is not thoroughly reckless and overpowered by ambition must feel. The Prussian nation is entirely against the war, which it thinks wholly unjust, attributable to a policy it detests, and likely to be most disastrous. The smaller German Sovereigns, if they do not go against Prussia, entirely decline to support her, and fully comprehend that, unless they are allowed to remain neutral in such a contest, their political independence is at an end. The Liberal party in those States, which in happier days was ready to follow the lead of Prussia, stands entirely aloof from a Prussian Minister who has striven in as arrogant and offensive a manner as possible to put down all liberty in his own country, to corrupt justice, baffle Parliaments, overawe opinion, and fetter the press. France resolutely declines to give any signs of her intentions. In the language of diplomacy, France will maintain an attitude of neutrality until French interests are in some way affected, and Count BISMARCK may get what information and comfort out of that he can. It is true that the semi-official journals in France are directed to give a hazy preference to Prussia; and so in Italy there has probably been a disposition to receive the overtures of Prussia in a friendly spirit. But neither France nor Italy takes any step or makes any declaration to indicate a readiness to support Count BISMARCK. It is exceedingly unlikely that the Emperor NAPOLEON has made up his mind what to do. As usual, he will wait, and will be

guided by events; and Italy will not separate her policy from his. But although it is very possible that Italy may fight on the same side as Prussia, it is also very possible that she may make an arrangement with Austria. The Italians remember Gastein. Prussia then played them off very adroitly against Austria; but this will scarcely happen again, and the Italians may in turn play off the Prussians against Austria, and only go far enough towards a Prussian alliance to make Austria ready to come to terms.

So powerfully have the arguments against war weighed with Count BISMARCK, that at the eleventh hour he has had resort to a most extraordinary device for directing the mind of Germany to a new issue, and himself appearing before Prussia and the world in a new character. He had before given it to be understood that what Prussia aimed at was not so paltry a gain as the annexation of the Duchies, but such a transformation of the Federal Constitution as would place all North Germany under the command of Prussia. This vague hint has now been followed up by a specific proposal. Prussia has invited the Diet to put an end to its existence, and to create in its stead a National Assembly, elected throughout Germany by universal suffrage. All that is reserved for the members of the existing Diet is the privilege of laying before this popular assembly such suggestions for the future constitution of Germany as they may think desirable. It is not surprising that all, or nearly all, the German Governments have decided to reject this proposal; and, as if it had been intended that Austria should be induced to combat it to the utmost, it was hinted that the real design of Prussia was to gather the petty States under the leadership of Prussia in the North, and in the South under the leadership, not of Austria, but of Bavaria. It is conceivable that such a proposal as that of Prussia might, if made under very different circumstances and by a very different man from Count BISMARCK, have received a rapturous welcome, and have been imposed on dissentients by the irresistible force of public opinion. But, as it is, the scheme has no attractions for any party. Austria happens to stand unusually well with Germany, for she is at once the defender of the rights of the petty Sovereigns against a tyrannical neighbour, and she is fighting the battle of the population of the Duchies. Both Sovereigns and subjects are, therefore, inclined to look on her with a kindly eye. The Sovereigns of the small States also happen to have less reason than frequently happens for apprehending that they are looked on with distrust and dislike by their subjects. Their constitutional sins are not so scarlet as the sins of the King of PRUSSIA. They have not derided and disgraced the defenders of public liberty, and they have not attempted to reduce a neighbouring German population under a rule that is obnoxious to them. It is Prussia, and Count BISMARCK acting in the name of Prussia, that have made a proposal for a national Parliament seem ludicrous when coming from Berlin. It is hard to say whether there is more folly or impudence in the announcement, made in the organs of the Prussian Government, that Count BISMARCK reckons on his scheme for the reform of the Diet being supported by the national enthusiasm. How can a nation that wishes to be free be enthusiastic in behalf of a man who has not only trampled on freedom, but has insulted, mocked, and vilified every friend of freedom that has dared to oppose him? Count BISMARCK is singularly sanguine. He even says that he thinks he can rely upon the readiness of German patriots to stand by the Prussian Government without regard to party considerations, in its labours for the union of Germany. German patriots must be the oddest creatures under the sun if they do anything of the kind. What good could a united Germany do them if it were achieved by Count BISMARCK and moulded according to the type that he desires? Why should a sensible honest lover of his country take a vast amount of trouble, and incur great danger, and make new enmities and new friendships, in order to raise up a huge tyranny in which tribunals should be bullied, the representatives of the people silenced and prosecuted, and free discussion rudely stopped? Count BISMARCK is acting as JAMES II. acted, who, when he heard that the Prince of ORANGE was coming, restored the franchises to the corporations, recalled the ejected President of Magdalen, and called on every patriot to stand by his good, just, constitutional monarch. It is easy to understand how men of this stamp think patriots villains, but it is not easy to understand how they can persuade themselves that patriots are so egregiously silly as to be cajoled by a few fine words and deceived by a concession that is transparently insincere.

At any rate we may hope that we have got pretty nearly to the end of Count BISMARCK, whichever way things may turn. If Prussia "caves in," as the Yankees say, the Minister who

has blustered and bullied, who has misled his Sovereign and violated the Constitution, who has stuck to a policy of force and wrongdoing, and then is obliged to give in when the hour of danger comes, must hide his shame in oblivion. If Prussia fights, the war will be a very serious, costly, and destructive one. The Prussian army will have to make great efforts, and the people will have to submit to great sacrifices, and a Government detested by the people could not long remain in power. The conduct of the leaders of the popular party in Prussia has been admirable at this delicate crisis. They have forced the KING to attend to them and to their views, and they have had something to say which the KING must have found very well worth hearing. They have steadily insisted on the iniquity of the war and on its impolicy. They have shown how easily the prosperity of Prussia might be impaired, and how much the Prussian people must suffer. But they have not stopped there. They have shown that, while the sacrifice the nation must undergo is great, the feelings which prompt a nation to make a sacrifice are wanting. The war is a wrong war, a bad war, a foolish war; and how can men leave their homes for the battle-field, and fathers see their families ruined, and yet bear courageously all they have to bear, when the thought uppermost in their hearts is that they are made to encounter death and beggary because a bold bad man, in utter disregard of the remonstrances of the guardians of the Constitution, chose to plunge Prussia into the abyss of a rash and iniquitous policy? It was said that the Prussians would be seduced by the hope of aggrandizement, and would be indifferent to their freedom if they could have the satisfaction of tyrannizing over others. Happily for mankind, and above all for Germany, this prophecy has proved false. The Prussians have shown that, while they would like to enlarge their boundaries and make their country stronger and more respected, they only wish this if, at the same time, their country is free. To annex Holstein by force, and summon more deputies to Berlin to be insulted by Count BISMARCK, seems to them odious, and not grand and noble, as their ill-wishers supposed they would consider it. That Count BISMARCK should have the power of forcing such men into a war they deplore is one of those sad calamities which show how little progress we have yet made in the decent ordering of human affairs.

MR. GLADSTONE AT LIVERPOOL.

MR. GLADSTONE showed at Liverpool, as on many previous occasions, that he has two great defects as a reasoner, being at the same time impulsive and subtle. His opinions seem often to depend on accident, and his doctrines are almost always too wide for his practical conclusions. A statesman ought, like a philosopher, to take for granted that first principles are barren. No political difficulty can possibly be solved by the consideration that the country contains several millions of vertebrated and two-legged animals gifted with articulate speech. Common Christianity, common citizenship, and common pulmonary organization are not peculiar to occupiers of 7*l.* houses in boroughs or of 14*l.* tenements in counties. Having thrown himself with characteristic eagerness into the agitation for Parliamentary Reform, Mr. GLADSTONE is rediscovering for himself all the truisms and all the fallacies which have been long familiar as commonplaces to both parties in the controversy. His arguments and illustrations, as far as they have any weight, tend directly to universal suffrage; and even in moving the first reading of the Bill, he intimated that he would have preferred a lower franchise, if he had not been restrained by the scruples of his colleagues. In one of his speeches at Liverpool, he compared the objections of his adversaries to Lord DERBY's alarm of twenty years ago at the anticipated importation of an incredible quantity of wheat from Tamboff. The analogy is instructive, not as elucidating the theory of Reform, but because it implies that the Ministerial measure is regarded by Mr. GLADSTONE as a fractional instalment of an acknowledged debt. Lord DERBY was in error because corn, like any other article of consumption, cannot be too cheap or abundant. Mr. GLADSTONE perceives the absurdity of fearing that there should be a superfluity of good things, and he assumes that the further subdivision of voting power is as advantageous as an increased supply of food. There is no room for statistical mistake about the electoral Tamboff. The four or five millions of adult males are there, and, notwithstanding Mr. GLADSTONE's new-born enthusiasm, prudent Englishmen are nearly unanimous in thinking that the vast bulk would do mischief if it were imported into the constituent body. There might be more wheat in England or in any other

country than exists at any given moment, but there can by no possibility be more political power. What is given to one must be taken from another, and indeed it is probable that the establishment of promiscuous suffrage would weaken the popular element in the Constitution. As M. ROCHER and his opponents agreed in the late French debate, the seven or eight millions of voters under the Empire have a far smaller share in the government of the country than the two hundred thousand privileged electors who returned the Chamber of Deputies in the days of LOUIS PHILIPPE. The English constituencies exercise indirectly through the House of Commons a sovereignty which cannot be extended, and which might in certain contingencies be partially abdicated.

Mr. GLADSTONE has borrowed from Mr. BRIGHT, or drawn from the general fund of thoughtless sophistry, the doctrine that every person who has no vote for members of Parliament is excluded from the Constitution. It would be not less reasonable to pity a slave and an outlaw every adult male who has not a seat in the Cabinet. A 6*l.* householder has, in addition to many other franchises and immunities, the right of renting a 10*l.* house whenever he can afford it. All functions are not conferred indiscriminately on all persons, and there is no reason for drawing an arbitrary line between electors and non-electors. It is true that there are disadvantages in confining within too narrow limits the duty and privilege of participating directly in the choice of the assembly which governs the country. The patriotic vanity which associates the humble voter with the measures of the Parliament and the Ministry affords a considerable security against disaffection. Many observers have been struck, like Mr. GLADSTONE, with the vast power which American institutions conferred, during the civil war, on both the belligerent Governments. The Federal and Confederate Presidents wielded the whole resources of their respective communities with a confidence and freedom from control which have seldom been rivalled, either by absolute Sovereigns or by the Ministers of constitutional governments. Democracy often favours the concentration of power, but its influence is less favourable to freedom. Nothing is so unanimous as a multitude, and therefore nothing is so intolerant of opposition. The intellect of France is disfranchised, oppressed, and disaffected, and Americans cherish a strange belief that, in their country also, a refined and intellectual minority acquiesces unwillingly in the supremacy of vulgar politicians. The belief that a large extension of the suffrage might make England more susceptible of patriotic emotion, and probably more warlike, is more plausible than many of the arguments which are ordinarily used by zealous Reformers. Mr. GLADSTONE never paused to consider whether the results which he attributed to American democracy would commend themselves to his own deliberate approval. It was sufficient for his purpose that universal suffrage had proved itself compatible with the display of certain great qualities. In this part of his speech, as in every other, he forgot that he was recommending the adoption of a constituency which will scarcely form a fourth part of the grown-up male population. If Mr. GLADSTONE were a Frenchman, he would be quoted as a signal example of the national faculty of logic which consists in careful abstraction of theories from facts. To the duller English understanding a reason for doing a thing is seldom satisfactory when it is also a reason for doing a great deal more.

The debate in the House of Commons has superseded in interest the local agitation of the recess. There is a wide difference between platform eloquence and Parliamentary discussion, for the presence of antagonists, and the necessity of meeting hostile arguments, impose a salutary check on vague declamation and on arbitrary assertion. Mr. BRIGHT himself speaks more persuasively, though not more powerfully, before the only audience which is not already prepared to echo his opinions. Mr. GLADSTONE is far less happy in his appeals to one-sided opinion. His Liverpool supporters cheered him more heartily when he announced the determination of the Government to pass the Bill, than during his elaborate exposition of arguments which were for the most part afterthoughts. The Bill has been brought forward in redemption of alleged pledges, and as a proof that Lord RUSSELL is as staunch a Reformer in 1866 as in 1831. The rights of fellow-Christians and the advantages of the American Constitution impressed Mr. GLADSTONE's imagination after he had determined to throw open the franchise to the working-classes. The supposed promises of successive Ministers and Parliaments probably weighed in his judgment at least as much as similar reasons deserve. No contemporary statesman has so often deluded himself with the fancy that a nation can make a compact with itself. He has repeatedly vindicated

proposals for increasing or diminishing the Income-tax by reference to his own former prophecies, and to metaphorical bargains between the House of Commons and the country. He told the meeting at Liverpool that the Bill had once more fallen due after five or six renewals, and that men of business ought to insist on payment. If practical questions admitted of being decided by verbal tournaments, it would not be difficult to show that statesmen and legislators are consistent when they abide rather by their latest decisions than by promises which were subsequently broken or revoked. If the present Parliament were bound by the example of its immediate predecessor, the House would entirely decline in its first Session to pass any Reform Bill; and if the subject were afterwards revived, unseasonable innovators would scarcely receive the compliment of a serious debate. Nothing is easier than to explain the causes of a change which is neither discreditable nor surprising; but it would have been proper to remember that every Parliament deals with its own political funds, and that it is not called upon to discharge previous liabilities.

It is natural that an orator who regards Parliament and the nation as debtor and creditor should fall into the error of drawing invidious class distinctions. Yet it was scarcely worthy of Mr. GLADSTONE to notice the fact that Lord GROSVENOR and Lord STANLEY are the heirs of two noble and wealthy families. Mr. BRIGHT might naturally have seized the opportunity of denouncing the landed interest and the peerage, but it has not been generally supposed that Mr. GLADSTONE objected to distinctions of rank. The insinuation that the Reform Bill was opposed because it was unpalatable to the higher aristocracy was neither generous nor just. If the dissatisfied Liberals wished to move an amendment to the Government Bill, Lord GROSVENOR was not an unfit representative, on account of his moderation, of his steady adherence to his party, and of his independence of official patronage. Mr. LOWE, who is not the eldest son of an Earl, has been so ferociously attacked that it seems unreasonable to complain that the mover of the amendment is a nobleman, that he has never been in office, and that he has no pretension to eloquence. Mr. GLADSTONE himself asserted that Mr. LOWE was the leader of the Opposition, and yet he attacks two members who support the same opinions, because they belong to the hereditary aristocracy. Lord STANLEY might have received credit for a sincere and dispassionate judgment, although he is of course not exempt from error. His votes and his speeches have often been sharply criticized, but Mr. GLADSTONE has for the first time accused him of selfish preference of his order. No member of Lord DERBY's Government has more habitually abstained from factious opposition, and it has been generally supposed that Lord STANLEY was prevented only by personal considerations from accepting the offer of a seat in Lord RUSSELL's Cabinet. It is within Mr. GLADSTONE's knowledge that an upright politician may not be an enthusiastic Reformer. Seven years ago the present leader of the House of Commons was a supporter of Lord DERBY's Government, and an advocate of the maintenance of small boroughs. There is nothing discreditable in a change of opinion, but those who have not been equally open to conversion may reasonably expect toleration. It was harshly and paradoxically said of Mr. GLADSTONE by one of his political associates and rivals that, with all his brilliant ability, he argued like a naughty child. The remark was of course intentionally hyperbolic, but the large admixture of passion and of credulity in the speech at the Liverpool Amphitheatre shows that the sarcasm was not unmeaning.

MR. HORSMAN IN SEARCH OF A SEAT.

MR. DARBY GRIFFITH'S complaint of the want of accommodation in the House of Commons was not unjustifiable. In spite of all the money spent on it, the building is hardly suited to hold the members that collect on a full night for any important discussion; and the seats under the galleries and beyond the chair are of no use to any one who wishes to take a part in the debates. Mr. GLADSTONE, who is always equal to any emergency, called, as usual, the Goddess of Casuistry to his aid, and proceeded to prove that it was quite proper that the House of Commons should be too small to hold its complement. "At the first sight it would seem that in a hall destined to receive members delegated to discharge weighty duties by a portion of their countrymen" (for, with the Reform question in his eye, Mr. GLADSTONE is too logical to admit that the present House is delegated by the nation), "there ought to be provided ample accommodation for all. That would be the natural conception for any one to form, but it would not be possible

"for any conception to be more erroneous." Mr. GLADSTONE, who has by long practice learnt never to depend upon conceptions that are natural, goes on to show that, for the sake of those regularly engaged in carrying on public business, only a limited accommodation ought to be provided. Take your average attendance, is his view, and build for that. Mr. KINNAIRD, in like manner, urges that the inconvenience, such as it is, is only experienced six or seven times in a Session. Great debates, on an average of ordinary Sessions, may not in truth occur oftener, but it is at least desirable to acknowledge the theoretical importance of preparing for the possible emergency of the members who are sent to Parliament choosing to sit there. Practical remedies for the admitted defect may be more difficult to discover, especially as few architects of the day are capable of grappling successfully with acoustic difficulties. Mr. BERESFORD HOPE represented the good sense of the House when he protested against the idea of an amphitheatre, with its natural, though perhaps not necessary, corollary of a Continental tribune. The want of exact gradations in the benches by which fine shades of political independence may be testified to the outward eye is a want only likely to be felt by a grievance-monger. Any disposition of seats that would persuade Mr. DARBY GRIFFITH to be content with a sedentary method of uttering his views ought to be considered fairly, but it is no more essential that the Left Centre should sit exactly in the left centre than that they should wear a Left Centre ticket in their hats. When even Mr. WHALLEY and Mr. NEWDEGATE are satisfied to be separated by a whole floor, without occupying anything in the shape of *sedes discretas piorum*, Mr. DARBY GRIFFITH ought to acquiesce in the irony of fortune which compels him occasionally to sit among uncongenial spirits.

Mr. HORSMAN's modest petition to have a seat reserved by the courtesy of the House for his use, as in the case of Mr. ROEBUCK and Mr. BRIGHT, is more reasonable. Mr. HORSMAN is an old and distinguished member, and, moreover, as Mr. DISRAELI has pointed out, is "the superior person" of the House of Commons. There ought, therefore, to be some reason why his personal merits have not been as thoroughly acknowledged as he could wish, but in any case he is quite entitled to call attention to the omission. Whenever a man finds that he is underrated he is always right to say so, and the result of Mr. HORSMAN's complaint will doubtless be that he will get the seat he wants, and no longer have either to range himself with Mr. BRIGHT, or to trust to Mr. WHITE's courtesy every time he wishes to take the floor. His anxiety to provide lodging for a perhaps imaginary party met with less general sympathy. Mr. WHITE, while expressing himself willing and happy to oblige so eminent a debater as Mr. HORSMAN, protested against being compelled to evacuate his bench in order that it might be turned, as he said, into a "Cave of Adullam." The point was too good not to be seized upon by Mr. GLADSTONE, who intimated pleasantly his total inability to discover of whom the new and seatless section that are to rally round Mr. HORSMAN consisted. It may indeed be doubted whether Mr. HORSMAN has not fallen into the obvious mistake of believing that he is the centre of a Parliamentary system, because objections to the form of the Government Reform Bill are shared by several Liberal and moderate members inside the House, as well as by a large portion of the educated classes without. A fresh party is not easily formed except round a nucleus of great family interests or a great political name, and, with all his abilities, Mr. HORSMAN is probably not destined to be the PEEL of any future Peelite school. No statesman of his calibre has for many years shown so little capacity for acting with others, and though he may lay claim to the title of an oratorical comet, he is a comet that never has had a tail. Nor is he likely to get one now. The question of Reform cannot last for ever, and when it is over, the fortuitous concurrence of detached Liberals who have gathered for the moment round Mr. LOWE and himself will for the most part resume, or be anxious to resume, their former connection with their party. It would be unwise to stake too heavily on the unconquerable spirit even of Mr. LOWE, whose opinions on most crucial subjects are as advanced as his later views are Conservative upon Reform. A permanent bench devoted to Mr. HORSMAN would not be so eagerly filled hereafter by those who will be found in the same lobby with him during the coming week. The pleasure of sitting in a Cave of Adullam by his side would scarcely compensate for the Parliamentary pains and penalties to which the disaffected render themselves liable who adopt an attitude of permanent, if not violent, antagonism to the acknowledged leaders of their party. The only Shibboleth for admission to such a bench as Mr. HORSMAN

proposes, when the next two Sessions are over, would be that of personal hostility to Lord RUSSELL; and all who entered with such a cry must be prepared to feel, in the language of the poet, that they had left all hope behind. It would be the bench of the officeless and the hopeless, and though Mr. HORSMAN had lost his tail, his other friends who have not irrevocably broken with the Whigs might demur to sacrificing their own tails for the sake of keeping him in countenance.

Nothing proves more thoroughly the inveterate force of that party discipline and habit which Mr. HORSMAN thinks he can defy than the course which Parliamentary feeling on the Liberal side of the House has taken during the last few weeks. The Government Franchise Bill, in spite of its shortcomings, has not split up the party of which Lord RUSSELL is the recognised and now somewhat timeworn chief. Mr. HORSMAN had long ceased to profess allegiance to the House of BEDFORD, and is no longer counted as a satellite; but he has only found a few to join him who, honestly disapproving of the Ministerial measure, are prepared to take the consequences of saying so. Whatever may be the effect of the partial secession on the final fortunes of the Bill, it is clear that no large body has openly seceded. Party discipline has been too strong even for some of the waverers. The question with the majority of the Liberal party is not merely whether the Bill is a good one or not, but whether it is more for the interests of the country that the Government should be turned out, or that they should remain in office on the terms of subdividing the subject of Reform. Sir WILLIAM HUTT was one of the first to show symptoms of discontent, but this did not prevent him from being the first to come in and claim the benefit of the Ministerial amnesty. There is an old story of a Scotchman who set out to steal his neighbour's apples, which ought just to suit Sir WILLIAM. The felonious Scotchman had got upon the orchard wall, and was on the verge of pocketing the first apple, when he was saluted by the voice of the indignant farmer, who wished to know where the devil he was going. With much presence of mind the Scotchman replied, "Bock agin." When Sir WILLIAM's friends in the North asked him where he was going in company with such bad characters as Mr. LOWE and Mr. HORSMAN, Sir WILLIAM with enviable prudence just waited on the top to say "Bock agin," and then got down promptly on the side where he had mounted. It would be as unfair to call Sir WILLIAM dishonest, on account of his vacillation, as it is to call Lord GROSVENOR and Mr. LOWE dirty conspirators, because they think the postponement of the Franchise extension of more consequence than the life of the RUSSELL-GLADSTONE Cabinet. The truer account of Sir WILLIAM's brief and pleasant ramble would be to say that, though he had no liking for the Bill, he was not prepared to give a vote that would turn his party out of power. His return to the fold, whether dignified or the reverse, proves at least the hold which party organization has even on those who believe that they can afford to be independent. It is an evil omen for the success of the future bench which is to be peopled with Mr. HORSMAN's friends. The coherence, as a whole, of the Liberal party, in spite of individual losses, goes to prove that, whether the Government are wrecked on the Reform rock or not, it is most improbable that there exist outside the strict boundary lines of the two great parties of the day permanent elements for a third. Whatever the issue of the division upon the second reading, the great mass of the Liberals have tacitly accepted Mr. GLADSTONE, and made up their minds to allow him to serve out Reform by ladlesfull. This is a proof of confidence that deserves to be highly valued, and does not foreshadow the likelihood of any great rush to the HORSMAN-LOWE standard. As we have said, Mr. LOWE will float safely through the crisis. He is not born to sink. But Mr. HORSMAN, if he is well-advised, will be content to secure a seat on the front bench for himself, and not take too extensive lodgings for the party of the future.

THE DANUBIAN PRINCIPALITIES.

BESIDE or behind the great controversy between Prussia and Austria, the troublesome question of the Danubian Principalities stands ready to perplex European diplomacy. Few politicians in any civilized country feel an overwhelming interest in the fortunes of the Rouman race, and it may even be doubted whether the local intrigues and disturbances find their principal motive in an urgent desire for the welfare of the native population. The importance of Moldavia and Wallachia consists not so much in the fertility and advantageous position of the provinces, as in the attraction which

they offer to ambitious neighbours, and in the weakness which prevents them from standing alone. The patriotism of different parties in the country is generally complicated with the relation of clients to some foreign patron. Those who most sincerely desire to promote the prosperity of their own country are almost always concerned to promote or oppose the influence of France, of Austria, or of Russia. It is extremely difficult to understand the tendency of any Rouman movement, or to ascertain the quarter from which it proceeds. The revolution which Prince COUZA effected a year or two ago was constructed entirely on the Parisian model, and there was no doubt that it was favoured, if not devised, by French agents. It is not equally certain that the subsequent fall of the democratic despot was disagreeable to his former patron, and the offer of the vacant throne to a Belgian prince appeared to some diplomatists not incompatible with projects which have long been, rightly or wrongly, attributed to the Emperor NAPOLEON. The union of the Principalities was accomplished, in spite of the provisions of the Treaty of Paris and of Lord PALMERSTON's opposition, by the joint influence of Russia and of France; and the election of a member of a Royal family would be a further step in the same direction, as it would throw additional impediments in the way of the feudal superiority which is still reserved to the Porte. It is possible that some of the leaders in the late dynastic revolution may have thought that they were promoting French policy, and it is difficult to believe that any conspiracy in the Principalities can be absolutely independent of Russian agency. For the present, both the rival Courts seem inclined to disavow their supposed partisans. All the protecting Governments professedly concur in the maintenance of the formal Turkish sovereignty, and the official agents of Russia loudly denounce both the plot which has succeeded, and the scheme of perpetuating under a foreign prince the independence of the Principalities. As the creation of a petty State on the frontier of Bessarabia would offer facilities for the future aggrandizement of Russia, it may be doubted whether the sudden jealousy of Rouman independence is absolutely sincere. Whatever tends to detach the Principalities from Turkey diminishes the obstacles to Russian annexation. Perhaps, however, it is not thought expedient to accelerate a settlement, when delay may promote a formidable agitation throughout the Northern provinces and dependencies of Turkey.

The Provisional Government which has issued from the late revolution includes several heads of families who might become candidates for the office of Hospodar if a native prince were to be chosen. As all the possible pretenders unanimously support the election of a foreign prince, the Great Powers will find a practical difficulty in enforcing their resolution to maintain the present or recent mode of government. On the other hand, the ostentatious indignation of Russia, and the regard of other Governments for existing treaties, will prevent the early concession of the demands of the popular chiefs. The natural result will be the postponement of a definite solution, and ultimately the Provisional Government may probably be tempted to provoke a Turkish occupation by declaring the independence of the provinces. For many generations the entrance of Ottoman troops into the Danubian provinces has been the signal for the advance of a Russian army. Large bodies of troops are already massed on the banks of the Pruth, and the enemy against whom the Russian army is to act has not hitherto been designated. It is remarkable that the Russian generals, or their superiors, had made their preparations before the occurrence of the events which may possibly furnish an excuse for intervention. A possible collision with Russia is not the only danger with which the Turkish Government is threatened. Servia, like Wallachia and Moldavia, is eager to abolish the last vestige of dependence, and even within the limits of the Empire chronic disaffection might lead to domestic revolt if war broke out on the Danube. The highlanders of Montenegro have, with unprecedented self-control, remained at peace for three or four years, and they would rejoice in the opportunity of aiding a Bulgarian insurrection. The prolongation of the present interregnum at Jassy and Bucharest can scarcely fail to produce some kind of disturbance in the neighbouring countries; and Russia well knows the advantage of fishing in troubled waters. France is far off, and consequently incapable of profiting directly by any territorial changes on the Lower Danube; yet every commercial country is interested in maintaining the freedom of the river, which would be practically closed to foreign intercourse if it passed into the possession of Russia. It has long been the policy of England to discountenance wars and revolutions which might

open Turkey to foreign spoliation. It was for this reason that Lord PALMERSTON wished to retain the separate dependence of either province on the Porte; and the present Government can have no interest in the Danubian question beyond the preservation of peace and of the existing frontier of the Russian Empire.

The interest of another Power in the Danubian question is far more immediate and vital. It would be a heavy blow to Austria if a Russian province were interposed between Hungary and the sea. Turkey is a safe neighbour, and, if the Principalities could defend their own independence, it would not be difficult to deal with a petty State. Some Austrian statesmen have perhaps at different times coveted the possession of the Principalities; but influence exercised over a Government of the second order would be almost as useful as territorial sovereignty, and it would be more easily attainable. In this respect the interests of Austria and of Germany are identical, but it is not impossible that Prussia might prefer other considerations to the great object of excluding Russia from the Danube. The army in Bessarabia threatens Galicia as well as Moldavia, and in a war between Austria and Prussia the sympathies of Russia would assuredly not be doubtful. The Danubian Principalities might, like certain coveted districts at the opposite extremity of Germany, be the price of Prussian supremacy within the Confederation. Many politicians believe that Count BISMARCK has a secret understanding with France, and he has probably not overlooked the equally valuable friendship of Russia. Fourteen years ago FREDERICK WILLIAM IV. submitted tamely at Olmutz to the dictation of the Emperor NICHOLAS. Russia now supports Prussia against her own former ally, but any assistance which may be offered to Prussia will have a price of its own. Conformity to Russian policy in the Conferences on the question of the Principalities would not be considered an excessive equivalent for the support of a Power which might embarrass Austria by a formidable diversion.

It is possible that the best mode of averting the dangers arising from disturbances on the Danube might consist in a change of policy, and in the concession of the demands preferred by the Rouman leaders. The honorary sovereignty of the Porte is useful only because it furnishes a kind of security against Russian annexation. The tribute which is paid to Turkey is trifling in amount, and the provinces would probably be willing to compound for a reasonable sum in lieu of the present annuity. If a Danubian Kingdom were placed under a European guarantee, the formal security would be as valid as the similar title to protection which has for ten years been enjoyed by Turkey. It is not improbable that even in Moldavia and Wallachia there is some patriotic feeling, and the difference of race and language must excite some disinclination to the process of absorption in the dominions of a vast and alien Empire. Unfortunately, the decision of the questions which have been raised will not depend on an impartial estimate of the interest of the provinces, or of the means of securing European peace. Two out of six parties to the Conference are on the verge of war, and Russia is strongly suspected of a desire to attain separate objects of her own. If the quarrel of Austria and Prussia were adjusted, there might be a reasonable prospect of arranging the Danubian difficulty; but while armies are gathering in Bohemia and Silesia, the Provisional Government of Bucharest is not likely to abandon the hope of finding among the Great Powers some patron who will support the demand for a new and foreign dynasty. In feverish times every little political sore has a tendency to fester. Peaceable politicians may look back with natural regret to the quiet times which intervened between the end of the great war and the French Revolution of 1848. The balance of power and the influence of England on the Continent prevented any State from seeking to extend its frontier. The changes which have since occurred are in some respects beneficial, but the restlessness which prevails in almost every part of Europe is a serious evil.

LEGISLATION UNDER COMPULSION.

THE points of resemblance between Mr. BRIGHT and Mr. O'CONNELL are sufficiently striking to make the English agitator the only antitype of the Irish Liberator. Of course the two are *pares potius quam similes*. But they are more like each other than any two other popular politicians of late days. They have this one common characteristic; they both have thoroughly understood the people whom they addressed, and the language in which they addressed them. O'CONNELL, in speaking to an Irish mob, was of the soil, Irish. He was Irish and Catholic; Irish in his pathos and

his fun, Catholic in his veneration and superstition. No wonder that, gifted as he was with a flow of idiomatic speech and a voice both powerful and sweet, he carried captive the willing hearts of his Celtic hearers. At one moment, it was a droll story about some Tory landlord or Protestant Bishop, told with a leering eye and suggestive brogue; at another, it was the plaintive tale of some exiled cottier or the victim of a tithe-distress; anon, it was a picture of the Old Church of the people, its priests and its martyrs, with a glowing vision of its renewed glories. But, whatever the theme, he was equally master of every strain. Tears and laughter, horror and indignation, came at his behest. While he was speaking, the people felt that he was one of themselves, lifted above them for the moment by a stronger feeling and a more powerful gift of utterance. They regarded him as an inspired exponent of their own sentiments and sympathies. It was this which to Irish ears deprived his exhibitions of that touch of the ludicrous which they always wore to the eyes of English readers perusing his speeches two days afterwards at a distance. All the declamation about the Green Isle and BRIAN BOIRE, that sounded to the latter like a turgid anachronism, was to the Irish peasant like the tune of an old familiar strain, remembered from infancy and handed down from immemorial times. It was the key-note of O'CONNELL's influence—of his influence for good and for evil. No one who did not know the Celtic heart as well as he did could have roused it to such wild excitement. No one who had not fathomed it so deeply as he had done could have tempered its frenzies as he tempered them. But this was not done without extreme and increasing effort on his part. Those who remember the last campaign of agitation, which culminated at Clontarf, will bear in mind the continual and augmented pressure which he laboured under in the effort to keep down the violence of the passions which he had excited, and which, though he did not wholly succeed in quelling, he moderated to a degree beyond the skill of any other living demagogue. In the end, the struggle between the leader and his followers became too trying, and he succumbed to the consciousness of being unable to lay the angry spirits which he had evoked.

Mr. BRIGHT might take warning from his prototype. Like O'CONNELL, he has laid the foundations of his power in his knowledge of the Northern artisan. With a slowness of conception that cannot follow the quick flight of Irish fancy, the Northern mechanic has an appreciation of dry humour. His religious feeling, the offshoot of ancient Puritanism, is of a less imaginative character than the Celt's; but it is as deeply planted in his heart, and responds as warmly to a well-timed appeal as it resents an inopportune solicitation. With real wrongs and palpable sufferings, there are no men in England who could be so easily wrought on as the operatives who are the objects of Mr. BRIGHT's eloquence. In an age of religious or civil persecution—threatened by a despotic monarch or bullied by an insolent hierarchy—they would furnish the material which demagogues have so often used for the purposes of insurrection. But to make them ready instruments of faction or sedition, the grievance must be real, urgent, intolerable; not imaginary, or implied, or remote. It must be one which inflicts severe and sensible suffering, and demands a sharp and severe remedy. If they groaned under such a grievance, there is no form of resistance to which they might not be impelled by the burning words of Mr. BRIGHT's orations. But the absence of such grievances illustrates the inappropriateness and the anachronism of his speeches. They fall on the ears of hard-thinking politicians of the present day much as some of JOHN KNOX's sermons would fall on the ears of modern congregations.

But no anachronism of which Mr. BRIGHT has ever been guilty comes up in extravagance to that of the letter in which he exhorted the working-men of the North to come up to London, and line Parliament Street, for the purpose of awing the House of Commons into passing the new Reform Bill. It showed an ignorance equally discreditable to him as a man of the world and as a man of the people. That he should, in the year of grace 1866, in his heart believe that the hardheaded men of the North really thought of Reform as Lord GEORGE GORDON's foolish mob thought of Protestantism, and that they would sacrifice for their idol three good days' wages, argues a credulity which could be justified only by an amount of fatuity of which we do not believe the working people to be capable. And, supposing that they were silly enough to barter good solid money for a political pilgrimage to London, it is paying but a poor compliment to their vaunted good sense to imagine that they would employ the period of their visit in forcibly converting reluctant members into hearty Reformers. As for the alternative proposition

which such a suggestion involves, it is easier to suppose that Mr. BRIGHT knows nothing of the operatives than that they know nothing of their fellow-countrymen. The man who perpetually devoted himself to painting red lions ended by believing that a red lion was the most lovely object in nature. Mr. BRIGHT has so long harangued on the beauties of a six-pound suffrage that he may have persuaded himself to believe that all non-voters regard it as the Chief Good in the moral world, and the seven-pound franchise as the next best thing to be desired. A more dispassionate familiarity with this class of men might have convinced him of the wide difference which separates applause at a political meeting from zealous prosecution of a political object, and of the interval which exists betwixt a self-complacent querulousness and a festering discontent. An attentive consideration of times and seasons would have proved to a less impatient mind than Mr. BRIGHT's the enormous contrast between the wants and opinions of 1832 and the wants and opinions of 1866. A less sanguine and less angry man than himself would not forget that the physical demonstration threatened by Mr. ARWOOD gave body and form to a moral indignation which animated almost every class; and that, to justify a repetition of the same menace at the present day, it would be requisite to reproduce the gross inequalities of that day. Unfortunately for the demagogue's tactics, most of the men whose personal injuries impelled them to head that movement have been too well satisfied by its results to think of heading another. And the small residue who see in a seven-pound franchise rather an increased influence for the employers than extended privileges for the operatives have either too many scruples or too little ambition to give practical support to Mr. BRIGHT's charming little plan for bullying the Legislature.

But, great as we believe Mr. BRIGHT's error to have been with respect to the operatives, whom he might be supposed to know, it is infinitely greater with respect to the proposed objects of his delicate treatment. We take for granted that Mr. BRIGHT will not deny that only one interpretation could reasonably be given to the execution of his plan. The Northern operatives, swelled by a huge gathering of metropolitan sympathizers, were not expected to take a constitutional walk down Abingdon Street, and talk of the loveliness of temperance and domestic bliss, for they could have done as much without taking railway tickets to London, and losing three good working days. What, then, were they to do? Look at members of Parliament going down to the House, and bet on the nature of their votes on the Reform Bill? But that would not much advance the object of Reformers. The only alternative is that they should, by numbers or by force, compel honest members to forego deliberation for decision, and give a vote under terror of mob law. Mr. BRIGHT is, or was, a Quaker, and will of course vehemently repudiate the recommendation of fleshly arms. But tradition teaches us to doubt whether Quaker scruples to do acts of violence extend to the disapproval of conniving at their commission for ends held to be laudable. However this may be, there can be little doubt that a mob of tens of thousands, marshalled in the streets to convert some three hundred gentlemen of doubtful or hostile sentiments, would be regarded as an organized intimidation. If so, the act and the intention would be even more foolish than criminal. There are probably in the House of Commons a score or more of weak, undecided, and timid men, who make up their minds with the greatest difficulty and form their conclusions on the most insufficient reasons; but we will undertake to say that not the weakest, the oldest, or the most nervous of these men would be badgered by such an array into giving a vote which he would otherwise not have given. On the contrary, he would most probably at once come to a decision the most resolutely opposed to the mandates of his assailants. It is difficult to imagine that even Mr. BRIGHT, in the fury of democratic zeal, can have contemplated a turbulent occupation of the Houses of Parliament by an army of excited six-pounders. If he did, he must have misunderstood the character of the educated classes of Englishmen to an extent almost inconceivable. The privileges and immunities which shield the halls of the English Legislature from the intrusion of unbidden spectators and the clamours of self-constituted arbiters are due, in equal degrees, to a solemn principle of political ethics and to a resolute determination of members to maintain it. Mr. BRIGHT might have done well to remember what use of his sword Sir GEORGE SAVILLE proposed to make had one of Lord GEORGE GORDON's followers entered the lobby of the House of Commons in 1780. The representatives of the English people are not delegates sent to Parliament to give certain pre-arranged votes, or to receive periodical orders from their constituents. They are not voting machines made

by municipal clubs, but members of a deliberative body entrusted with the duty of weighing and discussing every proposition submitted for their consideration. And any attempt to violate the sanctity of deliberation, even on questions of far greater moment and interest than the present Reform Bill, would not only enlist the reflection and intelligence of the country in defence of the insulted Parliament, but would give such a check to Liberal projects as would gratify the heart of the most reactionary bigot. Whatever differences of opinion may separate classes of politicians, on one point all classes are united—namely, in a determination not to degrade the House of Commons into a Constituent Assembly, or subject the meetings of the Legislature to the dictatorship of crowded and clamorous galleries.

MUSKETRY TRAINING.

THE triangular duel between Lord ELCHO, General HAY, and Colonel M'MURDO, on the musketry training of the army, raises questions of very grave importance. All three are representative men. Lord ELCHO represents Wimbledon and the shooting interests of the Volunteers, while General HAY represents the new view of infantry training which has resulted from the introduction of arms of precision. It is not so easy to say precisely what Colonel M'MURDO does or does not represent. The army would gladly claim him as the exponent of their most advanced views, and the Volunteers almost think themselves entitled to regard their late Inspector as their own special representative; but perhaps it will be most correct to say that, in the present paper contest, as on many a bloody field, Colonel M'MURDO represents "fighting"—that first indispensable element which has never been wanting in the British army. If it were possible for three opinions to be all diametrically opposed to each other, those expressed in this controversy might be said to be so. Lord ELCHO, of course, both by virtue of his official position in the National Rifle Association and as one of the picked shots of Scotland, attaches all due importance to the cultivation of the military art of rifle-shooting; but he does not conceal his opinion that the School at Hythe is at the same time excessive in the demands it makes upon the soldier's patience and inadequate in the results achieved. General HAY insists that the machinery which he has perfected is essential, and in itself sufficient, to train the army into a body of effective sharpshooters; while Colonel M'MURDO reopens a question which was supposed to have been set at rest, and doubts whether (with the exception of a few special corps) the army does not rather lose than gain by acquiring the art of good shooting.

Who shall decide where such authorities differ? We can at any rate take note of some facts which have been a little obscured in the course of the controversy. In the first place, target practice is the favourite pastime of the Volunteers; while the musketry training of the army is very distasteful to the officers, and we suspect also to a large proportion of the men, notwithstanding the seduction of extra daily pennies offered to all the proficient in the ranks. General HAY adduces many cogent arguments to prove that musketry drill ought not to be unpopular; but there is a vast mass of evidence to show that, with or without reason, very many of those subjected to it do find it inexpressibly irksome. A small percentage in each regiment, who feel safe to get their marksman's badge and the accompanying allowance, may perhaps be tolerably content; but it is quite intelligible that the great majority should look upon the annual musketry course as the least attractive part of their duties. The suggestion that it is the dread of Hythe and its rules that stops the re-enlistment of ten-year men is no doubt a wild exaggeration; for, with a lively recollection of Aldershot and the Curragh before him, no old soldier would have much indignation to waste upon the smaller grievance of a tiresome occupation which, after all, takes up only fifty or sixty hours per annum. Still, the success of the Hythe system does largely depend on the cordiality with which it is worked throughout the army, and it would be infinitely greater if soldiers could be got to look upon their musketry practice with the enthusiasm common among Volunteers. The reason of the difference may be stated in a few words. The Volunteers shoot, and the soldiers do position drill. Any of our readers who have tried both these amusements will be at no loss to understand why a man who is compelled to shoot continuously with an imaginary charge is less enthusiastic than one who, whenever he pleases, tries his skill with ball-cartridge against a target. Who would find any amusement in pulling the trigger of an unloaded gun a hundred times in succession at the picture of a partridge? and why should we wonder if the soldier finds it tiresome to go through a

similar process with a rifle? Whether this shall be remedied is a mere question of money. Give the soldiers more ball practice and less dummy practice, and there is no reason why they should not take to the butts as kindly as the Volunteers themselves. But this change, slight as it seems, involves a whole string of cherished theories. The great fact which the Hythe School brought out was that a man might be taught to shoot respectfully without ever firing a shot. The official creed is that not only can this be done, but that the perfection of shooting may be reached in this way by men who choose to take sufficient pains. All Volunteers know that this is, to say the least, an exaggeration, and that the only way to arrive at excellence is to combine the dummy practice, which is the essence of position drill, with a good allowance of shooting at the target. But even if the Hythe theory were correct to its full extent, it would fail as an actual means of instruction, because men cannot be made to take pains unless they are interested, and men do not interest themselves in such a course as that prescribed at Hythe. We cannot quite agree with Lord ELCHO's dictum, that a fortnight's training for an instructor is as good as eight weeks', and it was long since proclaimed, by no less an authority than Lord ELCHO himself, that his own fortnight at Hythe had failed to take him out of the second class, or, as the General puts it, "had taught him only that he was a very indifferent rifle shot." The remark, however, affords an argument rather against the Hythe system, for it is certain that the same rifleman who learned so little at Hythe subsequently became by practice one of the leading shots of Scotland. The broad result is, that those Volunteers who shoot at all shoot better and enjoy the occupation more than the soldiers who are trained according to the strict Hythe system; and the inference seems to be, that the Volunteer method of learning, whatever it may be, might with advantage be introduced (as far as practicable) into the training of the army.

But the question how best to teach our soldiers to shoot sinks into insignificance before the slashing theory that the ordinary soldier is better for not being taught to shoot well at all. This doctrine, startling as it is, has an intelligible basis. What Colonel M'MURDO tells us is, that future battles, like past battles, must be decided at close quarters, and that it is only incidentally that good shooting is of any real service. There are many circumstances under which, as we understand him, Colonel M'MURDO, if in command, would value and use the skill of expert riflemen—as, for instance, in keeping down the fire from an enemy's fortress, and we suppose, also, in all skirmishing movements. But for these special services Colonel M'MURDO would revert to the old system of *corps d'élite*, and he seems to consider that skilful marksmanship is not only useless, but actually prejudicial, to the soldiers in line. His belief is, that a man who can shoot at long ranges will trust less to the close volley and the bayonet than one who is happily ignorant of the powers of a good rifle. If this were true, it would be impossible to resist the conclusion that Hythe is a mistake. But, *à priori*, it is not easy to see why exact knowledge of what a rifle can and cannot do at a certain distance should tempt a soldier to fire at impossible ranges, or induce him to shirk an engagement at close quarters. An ignorant soldier, armed with a weapon which he is told will do wonders at enormous ranges, would, it might be supposed, be more liable to exaggerate the effect of distant fire than one who knows by constant experience how much care and steadiness are wanted to make an Enfield effective at 600 yards, and how utterly uncertain the weapon is at 800 or 900 yards, especially where the distance is only roughly estimated. The mischief which Colonel M'MURDO dreads might perhaps be cured by restoring Brown Bess, and with it the conviction that a volley is useless beyond 100 yards. But any change short of this would seem to take away the advantages which a good weapon occasionally gives, without at all diminishing the tendency to trust it over much. We observe that Colonel M'MURDO does not refer to any actual engagements as evidence of a disinclination among modern troops to come to close quarters, and the illustration which he draws from the Brighton review is scarcely in point. We believe that, on the occasion of that annual mock-fight, it is not very uncommon for a spectator to find himself between two hostile lines, each perhaps 800 yards from him, blazing away with as much vigour as if volleys at 1,600 yards supplied the most effectual method of annoying an enemy. But the explanation of this is very simple. Volunteers, by a pardonable weakness, like to be doing something, and their commanders (not very wisely, perhaps) sometimes humour them by opening fire at an impossible range, as a relief from the mono-

tony of standing at ease. This, at any rate, is the only way of accounting for some volleys which were fired this year at Brighton when no enemy was in sight at all. This was no doubt a very improper way of playing at soldiers, but it does not at all prove that the same men would throw away their ammunition in actual service, and still less does it show that the best-trained shots would be most likely to commit the blunder. If Colonel M'MURDO's fear that good shooting militated against hard fighting were justified, it would scarcely need his great authority to prove that the latter should be preferred. But if the evidence of this rests only upon some foolish blank practice at an Easter Monday review, one would be rather disposed to hope that the more a man knows about his rifle the less likely will he be to make a bad use of it.

Another practical objection to the proposed limitation of rifle-training to a few picked corps is that your picked corps cannot be everywhere, and moreover, that only a small proportion of their men will be really first-rate marksmen. Entering the Rifle Brigade does not make a man a good shot. All men perhaps may be taught to shoot tolerably, but excellence in this, as in other matters, is the gift of a few. If the whole army is trained, each regiment will have its chosen marksmen to cover the front or pepper an embrasure, whenever these special services may be required. But a *corps d'élite* of real shooting men could only be formed by drafting those who obtained proficiency from the army at large. Whether this would or would not be expedient we do not profess to say, but it would imply some general musketry training sufficient to discover the good shots from among their comrades. We do not know that the most eager advocates of the Hythe School ever suggested anything so mischievous as the substitution of long-bowls for close-quarters as the ruling tactics of the British army. The utmost length they have gone in this direction is the declaration that cavalry ought always to be shot down before they could approach the bayonets of a square, and that a free use of expert skirmishers would suffice to keep down the fire of a field battery at any moderate range. But all this is quite consistent with the hard-fighting tradition which Colonel M'MURDO, in common with all the best soldiers the country has ever produced, is anxious to preserve at any cost; and we do not quite see why this spirit may not be retained without throwing away the special advantages of modern arms of precision handled by soldiers who know how to use them.

THE TEMPORAL AND SPIRITUAL POWERS.

THE question what is the nature of the distinction between the temporal and the spiritual powers, and what is the limit between their respective provinces, is one of those standing problems which slowly, but surely, solve themselves. It may be said of them, if of anything, *Securus judicat orbis*—the world decides at leisure. From the days when Paganism first attacked Christianity to the days when the Popes aimed at creating a universal sovereignty in Europe, and from those days down to our own, there has been a steady change in the views of mankind upon the subject, which appears at last as if it were working towards a result which, at all events, is intelligible, although we do not think that its true character is always clearly conceived or well described by those who make most of it. In our own time and country the controversy has almost come to an end, unless it happens to be revived by some dispute about the loyalty of Roman Catholics, but it is an exceedingly common topic amongst a certain school of Continental writers. Many eminent Frenchmen take every opportunity of asserting the absolute necessity of the division of the two powers. They will say that the independence of the spiritual power in its own province is the great safeguard of society against the State-worship which would otherwise overspread every department of life, that the Pope and the Church are the great protectors of the rights and freedom of the conscience, and that if the two powers got into the same hands the result would be the most crushing and most ignominious of all forms of tyranny. These principles are often supported by reference to history. It is said that, as a matter of fact, the division of the two powers was one of the great foundations of the liberties of modern Europe; that Hildebrand and Innocent III. and Thomas à Becket asserted the rights of conscience against brute force; and that in the present day, if we could only see and know it, the organization of the Roman Catholic Church is one of the principal bulwarks existing in Europe against a degrading and heartless form of despotism. This, and much more to the same purpose, is continually to be read in newspapers, in reviews, and in speeches and addresses proceeding from eminent men, and sometimes not only from Roman Catholics but from Protestants also. No doubt, however, it is the distinctive language of that interesting though not very powerful party which tries to unite Romanism and Liberalism. In order to form a just opinion as to its truth, it will be necessary to have a clear notion of the meaning and relation to each other of the

principal terms which the discussion in question contains. These are law, power, and liberty. Without aiming at any affected precision, it will be enough to say that power is the ability to issue commands, that laws are commands enforced by sanctions, and that liberty is a negative word meaning the absence of restraint. Setting out with these three simple definitions, the following propositions become at once obvious:—First, power may be limited either by the nature of the persons to whom, or the subjects on which, the commands can be issued, or by the nature of the sanctions by which they can be enforced. For instance, it may apply only to acts done by Englishmen or Frenchmen, or to acts done in relation to war, or to public education; and it may consist in the ability to inflict imprisonment, or in the ability to inflict whipping, in case of transgression of the commands of the person who holds it. But these, or some combination of these, limitations are the only ones which the nature of the case admits; for power is nothing else than an ability to inflict some evil or give some good to some person for some actions. Secondly, it follows from the definitions given above that laws of whatever kinds are the contradictory of liberty, so that whatever multiplies laws of whatever sort must, by the very nature of the case, abridge liberty. This gives a short answer to those who suppose that by increasing the number of legislators you increase that which every act of legislation must by its nature diminish.

We have next to apply these considerations to the question, What is the nature of the distinction between temporal and spiritual power? But what do temporal and spiritual mean? They mean that which belongs respectively to the clergy and to the laity as such. Therefore, temporal and spiritual power mean the ability of the clergy and laity respectively to issue commands. Hence the distinction between temporal and spiritual power; and the boundary line drawn between the two may be pointed out by solving the question, what commands can be issued by the clergy and what by the laity respectively? and these commands, as shown already, must differ either in respect of the persons to whom, or the subjects on which, the commands are issued, or in respect of the sanctions by which they are enforced. It is generally admitted that the difference is not in the persons to whom the commands are issued. The distinction between spiritual and temporal is common to all nations and all times. The difference, therefore, must relate either to the subjects on which the command is to be given, or the sanctions by which they are to be enforced, or both. The common opinion is that there is a distinction as to both—that temporal and spiritual matters belong to different provinces of things, and that the commands issued respecting them are enforced by different sanctions. That the temporal and spiritual sanctions differ is self-evident. The only real question, therefore, is whether the things themselves, the subject-matter of legislation, can be classified as temporal or spiritual.

Of course such a classification *could* be made, if all parties agreed to it. In the eleventh century Hildebrand and Henry IV. might perhaps have drawn the line amicably between their respective spheres. "Do you regulate such and such matters by punishing men in their persons, their property, and their lives. I will regulate such others by excommunications and interdicts." There is no reason why such an arrangement should be impossible now in the abstract. A country might be imagined in which laws respecting marriage and education, for instance, should be made by a clerical assembly, while other matters were regulated by a lay legislature. In such a case there would be a real division between the temporal and spiritual powers—that is to say, the clerical and the lay body would each possess real power over particular classes of actions. Whether such an arrangement exists in any particular place or not is of course a question of fact, but it is only as an inconsiderable and antiquated exception that it exists in the present day, if at all. Moreover, such a division would not apply to the relations between the possessors of the two classes of power.

As a rule, the two powers are distinguished, not by the actions to which they apply, but by the sanctions on which they depend. All things have both a spiritual and a temporal aspect, and the duties arising out of those aspects respectively are enforced by spiritual or temporal sanctions, as the case may be. Thus almost every crime is also a sin. The duty of abstaining from the sin is enforced by the fear of punishment in another life. The duty of abstaining from the crime is enforced by the punishments inflicted by the law of the land. Every church is also a building. The duty of worshipping in it on certain occasions is a religious duty. The power of going into and remaining in the building is a legal right. The elements of the sacrament are, according to the Roman Catholic view, transubstantiated by the words of consecration. They are also bread and wine, the subjects of property, and liable to all its incidents in a court of law. Thus the distinction between temporal and spiritual power consists, not in the province over which it extends, but in the character of the sanction by which it is supported.

Starting with this view of the nature of the distinction between temporal and spiritual power, some observations may be made on several questions connected with the subject of considerable general interest, and often discussed at the present time. We will try to say something on a few of these questions—that is to say, first, on the nature and respective properties of the two powers; secondly, on the alleged advantages of dividing them; and thirdly, on the true nature of the process inaccurately described by that expression.

First, then, as to the nature and respective properties of the two

powers. It is clear that all power, whether temporal or spiritual, depends on opinion. Your temporal power over me depends upon my present opinion that, in certain cases, you can and will hang me. Your spiritual power over me depends upon my present opinion that, in certain cases, you can and will cause God to damn me. Temporal commands are conditional threats to hang. Spiritual commands are conditional threats to cause to be damned. If I am of opinion that you can hang me or cause me to be damned for any reason whatever which appears sufficient to you, then your power over me is exactly measured by my reluctance to be hanged or damned, and such power extends to every action of my life. I may be hanged for going to mass or for reading the Bible. I may be damned for voting for the wrong candidate at an election, or for or against a particular measure in Parliament. So far the two powers are precisely similar, but there are several important distinctions between them. In the first place, there is no room, or hardly any room, for mistake as to the character of temporal power. In all civilized communities the evidence as to the person in whom the power to hang is vested is conclusive. Every one in England knows who bears the temporal sword, and in general upon what terms he holds it; but it is by no means equally clear who holds the spiritual sword, or what, if any, are the terms on which it is held. Hence the opinion on which temporal power is founded is always right, the opinion on which spiritual power is founded is always contested. On the other hand, the terms on which temporal power can be used are as well ascertained as the fact that it resides in such and such hands, and this draws a definite outline round its terrors. No one fears to be hung for walking down the street. The terms on which spiritual power can be used are altogether indefinite. Many people are afraid of being damned for having been born. Another important observation on spiritual power is that it consists, not in the power of damning, but in the power of causing to be damned. This distinction is real and important, as it shows that very few persons possess spiritual power in the full and proper sense of the words. Those alone are its real possessors whom other people believe to be invested with a personal power of giving or withholding something either necessary or at least highly useful to their salvation. Such persons, for instance, as suppose a priest's absolution to be of this character are really and fully under the spiritual power of the clergy. Over those who look upon the priest merely as an adviser, he has, strictly speaking, no power. He cannot cause them to be damned. He can only tell them, with more or less authority, what are the conditions of damnation. In the one case, the priest is a true ruler armed with a coercive authority. In the other, he is but an adviser. This is the cardinal distinction between spiritual power in Roman Catholic and in Protestant countries. In Scotland the clergy had at one time immense temporal power and unlimited spiritual credit; but they had, properly speaking, no spiritual power in their palmiest days. In Roman Catholic countries there are, and always have been, many persons over whom the clergy have vast spiritual power even when their general influence has been at the lowest ebb, and when they were totally deprived of temporal power.

Such being the provinces and such the nature of the two powers, let us now consider the commonplaces about the importance of dividing them. Speaking generally, they will be arranged on some such principles as the following:—Human nature will be conceived as composed of two distinct parts, one of which consists of all the ordinary desires for common objects of enjoyment, and the other of moral and religious principles. Organize each set of principles separately, and the State corresponds to the one, and the Church to the other. The separation and independence of the two bodies will, on the one hand, secure to the common secular faculties a legitimate sphere of action; and, on the other, will secure the spiritual faculties from secular oppression. This theory, or something like this, lies at the bottom of many of the most popular of modern commonplaces. In particular, it is in constant use amongst that class of distinguished French writers who, by a curious eddy in the current of thought, have come to regard the Pope as a champion of human freedom. Let us consider the theory with reference to the principles already stated.

The first observation that occurs upon it is, that the separation suggested is impossible, and that the notion that it can be made proceeds upon a false theory of human nature. Human life cannot be cut into halves, though human actions may be considered in many relations. To say that trade belongs to one section and prayer to another is to misunderstand both trade and prayer. Honesty, amongst other things, is essential to each. Precisely the same moral defects lead men to sand their sugar and to use insincere language in their prayers; and the same reason—namely, that it is good to be honest—forbids fraud in the one case, and hypocrisy in the other. But not only is the theory that life can be thus divided untrue, but the suggestion that the priest and the statesman should be each provided with his own province is impossible. If a man can cause you to be damned, how are you to hem him into any particular province? How can you say, "You shall not cause people to be damned except for certain things." Suppose he replies, "I shall, and I will begin by causing you to be damned for trying to limit my power"—what is to prevent him? In order to make a partition between temporal and spiritual power, you want some third power superior to both to enforce your partition. What keeps the French out of England, and the English out of France? Nothing but the fact that each Power is strong enough to hold its own against the other. If one were very much

stronger than the other, and if there were no other Powers to help the weaker, the stronger would give it laws, and the weaker would hold what was left to it only at the will of the stronger. So it must always be when hard comes to hard in the ultimate analysis of things. The possessor of temporal power, if he thinks himself liable to damnation, is, to the extent of his belief, subordinate to the holder of spiritual power; just as the priest, in his turn, being liable to death, is in the power of the temporal ruler. The two fears may be balanced, or the one may outweigh the other; but to attempt to get those who have the power of exciting them to agree that they shall never clash, but each operate in a province of its own, is to misunderstand their very nature. The fear of being damned must override everything, and may apply to every action of human life. If, therefore, any one really possesses this power, or is believed to possess it, he is by that very fact the ruler of the world, and his power can no more be limited by imaginary compacts or partitions of territory than a powerful man can make himself weak by agreeing not to use his strength. Power is power, and the man who has it is the master of the man who has it not. Whether he happens to make him feel his inferiority at a given moment, or not, is a mere question of inclination or policy. Hence the attempt to draw a line between temporal and spiritual power is like an attempt to make a law altering the specific gravity of lead and iron. Unless you put other weights into the scale, the lead will always outweigh the iron; and, by the same principle, he who can threaten highest will be able to define the limit within which he will threaten, and to govern all those who are exposed to his threats.

From all this it follows that, so long as the opinions on which each are founded remain unshaken, temporal power is by its nature subordinate to spiritual power, and spiritual power must draw the line between them; that is, the province of the temporal power is just what the spiritual power chooses to assign to it. In other words, if and in so far as A is supposed to be able to cause his neighbours to be damned—including, amongst others, B, who is able to cause him and them to be hanged—A will govern B and all those whom B governs.

A further inference from the same principles is one which we have already indicated shortly in the earlier part of this article. It is that the existence of spiritual power must diminish, and cannot in any conceivable event increase, the extent of liberty in the world. Four states of things are possible with regard to any given act as to which a person is capable of being restrained by the operation of either power. Both powers may leave him alone, in which case he is free; but in this case he would be equally free if one only existed. Both powers may forbid the act. In this case he is under two penalties instead of one. One only may forbid it. In this case the existence of the other does not affect the question. One may forbid and the other command. In this case he is between the devil and the gallows. If you do it you shall be damned, if you do not do it you shall be hanged. This is double slavery, instead of freedom. It may be said that if the two powers turn against each other, instead of turning against each other's subjects, the one which happened to be stronger at the time and place might restrain the other from particular acts of tyranny against their common subjects, and that in this way the existence of the two might favour freedom, for it might prevent the imposition of penalties which, if imposed, would abridge it. Here, however, it is not the separation of the two powers which favours freedom, but the will of the stronger prevailing over that of the weaker. If the stronger existed alone, the result would be just the same. A robber about to murder me abstains from fear of legal punishment. It is not the division of power between the law and the robber which protects me, but the supremacy of the law over the robber. If each had a sphere of its own in which they were respectively independent, I should have nothing to hope from the law in the robber's sphere, and nothing to fear from the robber in the law's. In certain states of society the lay power has been able to curb the clerical, to the advantage of the public. In others, the converse has been the case with the same results; but in each instance the good done has been effected, not by the separation of the two, but by the superiority or supremacy of the one which happened to be most benevolent.

Are we then to conclude that there is no meaning at all in the commonplaces on this subject, and that the spiritual power must always be superior to the temporal power? By no means. The real conclusion is, that the commonplaces are not accurately expressed. They all alike involve a confusion between power and counsel, and, when modified so as to meet that distinction, they are perfectly true, and show the real way to ascertain the true sphere of liberty and secure it from invasion. Spiritual power, as above defined, is ability to cause to be damned. This is a totally different thing from ability to announce the fact that such and such conduct does in fact tend to damnation. The physician has no power when he tells you that certain habits will lead to sickness or death; he is merely an adviser, and not a ruler. Where the clergy are recognised as advisers merely who tell people what, as a matter of fact, will be the result of particular courses of conduct, they possess no power in the true sense of the word; they can inflict no penalty if their advice is not taken, and they do not profess to do so. If the influence which their special knowledge gives them is called spiritual power, it will then be perfectly true to say that it is of the highest importance that spiritual and temporal power should be distinct; that the advisers of mankind on the one hand, and their rulers on the other, should act independently, the one using their power

and the other giving their advice without encroaching on each other's province. But this is true, not of the clergy alone, but of all advisers—of men of science, of the members of liberal professions, and of authors and journalists. This also answers the question as to the relative precedency of temporal and spiritual power. Between the two powers, in the proper sense of the word, there must always be this relation. The spiritual power threatens highest, but the temporal power threatens most surely. As people get to doubt—as in process of time they always do—whether their priests can cause them to be damned, they come more and more under the control of the man who beyond all doubt whatever can cause them to be hanged; and so long as the question is one of mere power, the whole history of Europe for eight hundred years shows that the temporal power rises and the spiritual falls, and that the attempt to bolster up the latter is the attempt to bolster up a shadow. On the other hand, the force of counsel in general, as against power in general, has, during the same period, been gradually rising. Whoever in the present day can show men, not by threats of causing them to be damned, but by appeals to their own consciences and to the general constitution of things, that such and such courses lead to all good or all evil here and hereafter, will assuredly bring mere power round to his side, or will cause men to set it at defiance, in the more civilized parts of the world. And this shows that the true course is not to try to set power against power, and to hope to find freedom in serving two masters, but as far as possible to substitute counsel for power in all relations of life, to secure the independence of our counsellors, and to adjust power to what appears on the whole to be the result of the wisest counsel that can be discovered.

NEXT-DOOR NEIGHBOURS.

THE whole duty of next-door neighbours has never perhaps been thoroughly investigated by any moral philosopher. The Catechism certainly teaches us, at a very early age, how we ought to conduct ourselves towards our neighbour in the abstract. But it is understood that the neighbour of the Catechism only stands for any one who, from the point of view of a common and tailless humanity, ought to be regarded, for moral and religious purposes, as a man and a brother. It is our bounden duty to love all our white brothers, washed or unwashed, and perhaps even black ones, as ourselves, and to be true and just in all our dealings to them. So much may be conceded on all hands, and it is quite right that such an unexceptionable sentiment should be put into the Prayer-book, and taught once a week to every young person who has not been confirmed. But this golden rule, like all golden rules, is an ideal standard of excellence. It gives us no particular recipe for dealing with the family next door, who, in spite of the thinness of London walls, persist in practising the flute every evening from nine o'clock to eleven. The Catechism throws no light upon the subject, and seems, when we think of it under such circumstances, to have been written chiefly in order to do good to people who reside in country parts. The code which should regulate the intercourse of neighbours in the country seems comparatively plain. They are pretty sure to know each other, as acquaintances at least, and to have plenty of opportunities of mutual courtesy or mutual backbiting. They go to the same church, to the same county balls, distribute port wine and blankets to the same sick families, and ride after the same pack of hounds. Such being the case, it is as well to know them and to be civil to them; and, if we only act up to the spirit and letter of the Catechism, we shall know how to do it. To dine with each other occasionally, to subscribe to the same book club, to encourage the respective and rival gardeners to exchange the cold courtesy of cuttings, to keep one's fences in good condition, not to quarrel about electioneering or about occupation roads, and, above all, never to abuse each other except in the strictest confidence—such are some of the wholesome and useful laws that good sense and propriety dictate to country neighbours. The Catechism is again especially valuable for the lower orders, particularly for those who live in the same village, or on the same property. They will always be wanting to borrow each other's kettles or teapots, or chairs or tables, and one of the special parts of a parson's business is to preach at them, and to teach them to be willing to lend each other what they want. The whole duty of a country labourer is well summed up in the formula in question, which, though capable of application indirectly to the rich, appears at the first blush to have been written expressly for the poor. Everybody will go right so long as the poor obey the policeman, the clergyman, and the squire, order themselves lowly and reverently to all their betters, keep their hands from picking and stealing, and their tongues from lying and slandering; especially if sobriety, and an industrious desire to get their living in that station of life to which they are called, are added to the preceding habits of modesty and virtue. Every one, however, will acknowledge that London next-door neighbours are not connected with each other as closely as neighbours in the above-mentioned cases. The relation of next-door neighbourhood is at best a cold, casual, cheerless tie. It implies a common party-wall, a common gas company, a common tax-gatherer and dust-cart, and a common entrance to separate stables. It is evident that the code of morals applicable to such a state of things is altogether different from the code supplied by the Catechism; and yet it is important to have some practical regulations in one's head, the observance of which will lead with certainty to the general comfort of both parties. If such regulations differ from the golden standard laid

down by the authority of the Church, the difference is due to the peculiarity of the circumstances, not to any deficiency in the golden standard of the Church itself.

"Know thyself" is a precept as old as all philosophy, and one which, in modern times as well as ancient, is rightly thought to be the secret of most worldly happiness. To make it perfect for the uses of life in large towns, it ought, as the sage who invented it would probably admit, to be slightly, though only slightly, amplified. The entire and amended maxim would be quite as easy to remember, and would possibly run thus:—"Know thyself, but do not know thy next-door neighbour." The Catechism is quite consistent with this reading. We are told to "love" our neighbour, but we are nowhere told to make his acquaintance. Whether we shall do so or not is an open point as far as religion is concerned, and a philanthropic desire for his best welfare, both here and hereafter, is quite compatible with not knowing him in the flesh. All experience warns us that acquaintances are much more loveable at a little distance, and the mathematical chances in favour of both liking and knowing a casual next-door neighbour are less than the chances of liking him without knowing him at all. Siamese twins would perhaps go through the world more happily and comfortably if they never permitted their compulsory connection to carry them beyond a mere bowing acquaintance with each other. And while London houses continue to be built as badly as they are now built, next-door neighbours are in a position not altogether unlike that of Siamese twins. In some respects they are even worse off. Nature, it is said, usually confers upon Siamese twins the same tastes and the same predilections. One brother likes what the other brother likes, and feels what the other brother feels. The union of a common wall is as indissoluble as the bond of flesh and blood; but there is unhappily no providential arrangement, in the case of the former tie, which makes it palatable and endurable. A lease for years is not like nature. Interest in a common chimney and common drainage does not give one the capacity for enjoying concerted music through a wall, or appreciating the various effects made by the juvenile members of an unseen family to acquire a mastery over polka music and the scales. Music which is said to soothe savage beasts would be anything but soothing to a Siamese twin. Perhaps the greatest instance of human misery which the imagination can conceive would be the spectacle of Mr. Babbage united irrevocably to a Siamese partner who was fond of the concertina or the French horn. The evils to which Mr. Babbage has not been condemned by nature any of us may be condemned to endure by the caprice of fortune. Happy are the people who, on one side or other of their domestic hearth, are not subjected to an equally severe misfortune of the sort, and as it appears to be a law of harmony that musical sounds should get out of tune during the process of passing through bricks and mortar, the lot of those who live next door to musical households is not enviable. Nor is it easy to say how far human patience ought to be carried. If flutes and the gamut should be endured without a murmur, what is the limit of endurance? All Scotchmen are supposed, with some reason, to be fond of bagpipes; and it would seem naturally hard to a Scotchman living in London if he were altogether interdicted, both on weekdays and Sundays, from the enjoyment of his national melodies. Any of us may, therefore, in the course of a long and happy life, be placed in the position of living next door to a bagpipe-loving Scotchman, and we ought to be prepared for the emergency. For a long time morality and manners would bid us to try and bear up cheerfully and happily under the infliction. We should go on endeavouring to love the Scotchman and his Scotch children, even if we could not bring ourselves to love his bagpipes, on the sound though subtle distinction that one may love the sinner, though one detests the sin. Some day or other we should probably in the long run break down, and determine to remonstrate. It is evidently much easier to remonstrate with the neighbour of whom you know nothing, except that he is a Scotchman with a passion for the Highlands and Highland harmony, or a merchant in the Turkey trade who is teaching himself singing for his private pleasure, than to remonstrate with a family one knows, in whose musical achievements, however imperfect, we ought to be supposed by a polite fiction to take a friendly interest. For fear, accordingly, of bagpipes next door, and all the class of annoyances that may be ranged generally under the head of bagpipes, it is better to be neighbours only, without being acquaintances as well. It is possible to indicate to ladies and gentlemen of whom you know nothing, in the language of the poet, that "sounds heard are sweet," but "those unheard are sweeter"; but it is scarcely possible to interfere with the relaxations of friends with whom you dined yesterday, and who are going to dine with you tomorrow. It is true that familiar intimacy with the musicians might save one from some few trifling evils. Among the disadvantages of next-door music ought, perhaps, to be ranked its startling incongruities. By the morning post you have heard, perhaps, of the death of a near relation. The blinds are drawn down, and you are preparing to spend the day in quiet and propriety, when suddenly "Lesbia hath a beaming eye" comes peeling through the wall. This is a misfortune for which there is no cure, and the only thing to be done is to bear it with equanimity. A bold man may nerve himself so far as to protest against an unlimited supply of bagpipes, but human audacity is not equal to that of sending in to request that until the funeral of your grandmother is over the family will confine themselves to dead marches, and eschew lively music. A friend next door

would on such occasions be a gain instead of a loss. The rule, however, probably holds good in spite of exceptions; and experience with respect to next-door neighbours is in favour of all courtesy and politeness, but no intimacy.

Music, meanwhile, is by no means the worst of the intramural visitations to which next-door neighbours are exposed. It is bad enough, but children are much worse. Babies ought to be a great comfort to their parents, to make up for the misery they entail upon the next-door neighbour. A good healthy baby can make itself heard through any number of feet of brick wall, and that innocent portion of the human race, which is always amply revenging itself on society for the unkindness of Herod, cannot be silenced by any expostulation. No vindictive feeling of which the human breast is capable comes up perhaps to the bitter burning hatred which the most charitable of men feels to a baby whose bedroom is only separated from his own by a London partition. At such a crisis all the instructions of the Catechism vanish into nothing. It may be just possible to love your neighbour, but it is not possible to love your neighbour's baby, especially between four and six o'clock in the morning. It is a curious question, and one that one would like to see answered from statistics, whether Scotchmen like the sound of babies as much as they do that of bagpipes. There is more variety in the bagpipe; but, on the other hand, it is not, strictly speaking, one of nature's noises, and not so suggestive of domestic happiness. Yet a bagpipe on the other side of the wall, one is inclined to think, would be the more cheerful of the two. There are limits to bagpipes. They play chiefly between sunrise and sunset, and usually in the open air. Nobody could object to a baby on a distant hill, or at a Highland gathering, or a national ceremony, especially if it was heard only at fixed hours and at stated intervals. In London no regulation of the kind is feasible, and while next-door music only disturbs quiet conversation and repose, babies, like Macbeth, murder the sleep itself. While such sufferings are inflicted and endured from house to house, it is idle to talk of the nuisance of hurdy-gurdies and street music.

Life is too short, and the world is too crowded, to permit of next-door neighbours being united by any real tie. In the country, neighbours have at any rate common duties, and, to a certain extent, common interests. In a large metropolis, they have neither. Business and bustle take up the greater portion of the day, and one virtue after another which is proverbially characteristic of a less crowded society must of necessity disappear. Hospitality itself no longer means, with most of us, what it did a hundred years ago, or what it still means in less populated regions. It might and does, under altered circumstances, entail a relationship of host and guest, to violate the conventionalities of which would be a crime. It no longer, nowadays, implies more than the barest and most naked acquaintance. One is at liberty to dislike and to abuse those whose hospitality one has received, for the simple reason that one generally knows far more of one's host's dinners than of one's host himself. In a few months one might pass him in the street without recognising, or being recognised in turn. The obligation, if any, which we have contracted towards him under his roof is easily discharged by the exchange of a similar courtesy; and men and women who have dined at each other's houses go on their way again with as little ceremony as if they had only met at a *table d'hôte*. One cause of this is that men are too busy, as a rule, to meet each other except over the dinner-table. If they do not meet in this way, they will never meet at all; and the casual acquaintanceship formed at a dinner-table only lasts about a couple of hours. The relation of neighbourhood, like the relation of hospitality, is no longer what it was. Once, to be a good neighbour was one of the virtues inculcated from childhood upon the English gentleman. There is hardly such a thing in modern times as a good neighbour. It is hardly possible that there should be. Railways and large towns have put an end to local ties. The whole duty of next-door neighbours is probably summed up in the maxim to let each other alone, and to abstain from annoying each other when the chance occurs. Mutual convenience will usually suggest some such compromise, but there is little beyond mutual convenience at the bottom, even if such a compromise is made. The metropolis in particular is a vast pool, on the top of which both brazen and earthen vessels float, and find themselves from time to time in juxtaposition. All that they can expect from one another is that mutual forbearance without which passers in the street would be perpetually jostling. Musical neighbours are a sad tax on such forbearance; but there are few next-door neighbours who would feel called upon to abate their own pleasures, even if they were suddenly made conscious what a nuisance those simple pleasures were to those about them.

NOVELS, PAST AND PRESENT.

MISS MULOCK has lately written a book which is not the less welcome because it is an anachronism. In it she unfolds the virtues of a crippled Earl, who nobly devotes his life to securing the happiness of all around him. This he does in so admirable, and at the same time so feminine, a manner, as to remind one of a type of character that has latterly dropped out of fiction. An angelic being with a weak spine, who, from her sofa, directed with mild wisdom the affairs of the family or the parish, was a favourite creation of our lady-

novelists of the pre-Braddonian period. And it was no mere supernumerary or chance complement of the group which they depicted. It had a deeper meaning, and expressed two of the most creditable feminine instincts—the instinct to improve the world by means of those moral teachings which may be conveniently conveyed through some such mouthpiece, and the instinct to admire moral, as distinct from material, power. The perfecting of strength out of weakness, in the person of a disabled aunt or invalid sister, was a fascinating theme to such writers as Miss Yonge or Miss Sewell. They were fond of exhibiting moral influence in combination with physical infirmity, which gave a piquancy to their domestic hero-worship. It is quite natural that women of talent and refinement should feel a pleasure in propounding a view which tends in some degree to redress the balance of power between the sexes, and to remind their readers that, in spite of the vaunted superiority of man, there are heights of moral elevation, and even influence, which woman may claim as peculiarly her own. Probably her moral elevation is a more important fact for the social philosopher than her influence, or what women commonly understand by influence. Her power, in the highest and best sense, rests on isolation, not on contact with the world, however successful. It is not by practising in law courts, or lecturing on platforms, but by gradually leavening society with her greater purity and disinterestedness, that the highest purpose of her being is fulfilled. But then few women, to use Mr. Matthew Arnold's last phrase, "comprehend the situation." It was the merit of the didactic novels of the period to which we have referred that they upheld the highest possible standard of female morality. Their heroines had their little faults of temper, but murder and bigamy were acts of which they were by the hypothesis incapable. The weak point of this class of fiction consisted in the substitution of trivial duties and petty aims for that nobler work to which the energies of woman should be directed. The ideal young lady of their pages existed for the double purpose of torturing herself with infinitesimal scruples, and lecturing the poor into propriety. Her life was spent in the solution of a series of small parochial and domestic problems. How to amuse her schoolboy brothers in a ladylike way, how to convert Biddy Brown to the orthodox view of the Apostolical succession, whether the scholars of the National School should have red cloaks or blue—these were the matters which principally occupied her thoughts. And nothing could be more innocent and well-meaning. The only danger in such a picture is that of frittering away on comparative trifles the sense of responsibility which it is the very object of these sisterly appeals to the sex to awaken.

Nowadays the purely didactic or semi-religious novel is virtually obsolete. The wave of transcendentalism which carried it into popular sympathy is broken and spent. A wave of materialism has succeeded, on the crest of which novels in which woman plays a very different and much more exciting part still ride in triumph. If, as French sociologists are never tired of telling us, woman in a special manner reflects her surroundings, it is only natural that the clever ladies who supply our circulating libraries should reflect in their writings the change in the spirit and taste of the age, and go to Bow Street and the Divorce Court for their inspirations. It is not so with the authoress of *John Halifax*. She takes her stand among the remnant who have not bowed the knee to sensationalism. In the midst of a naughty and depraved generation of novelists she grows more and more severely didactic. She addresses a demoralized public in a *crescendo* strain of earnestness and solemnity. And, to say the truth, a lay sermon of this kind is at the present time much needed. The earthy sensuous tone of the class of novel now so popular has unquestionably contributed in no small degree to debase the taste and lead the judgment astray. The objections commonly urged against sensational literature seem to us wide of the mark. We do not share Archbishop Thompson's fears lest that well of noble emotions, the British artisan, should, under its baneful influence, run dry. Nor do we fear its bringing crime into fashion, as the *Beggar's Opera* is said to have brought highway robbery. It will take many Aurora Floyds to make one interesting bigamist. What really is mischievous is its pure epicureanism, its absolute indifference to all that appertains to the higher life of a rational being. The society which it depicts is penetrated by not one faint straggling ray of a moral idea. It exists in and for the present, and that present not very refined or elevating—a present of which the objects and aspirations are strictly confined within the limits of the five senses. A literature with this for its keynote is not likely to improve those over whom it exercises any real influence. On the contrary, it must inevitably sap their moral perceptions. Take, for instance, the largest novel-consuming class of the day—young ladies. Their amiable propensity to fall down and worship something ought to be directed towards fit and worthy objects. As possible wives, they ought to be taught to admire what is truly admirable in the opposite sex, and weaned as far as possible from the mere fetish-worship of money and a moustache. This is a grave responsibility for the novelist, which a woman writing for women especially should feel. But what sort of man is the model husband of modern fiction? At best a good-looking, good-tempered, wealthy dolt, who will not even raise a finger to interfere with his wife's crimes if she be criminally disposed, or with her follies if she be discreet enough to be content with folly. Now we take this to be as unwholesome a type of manhood as could possibly be found towards which to direct the channel of feminine admiration. The qualities which a woman admires in a man

react upon herself, and are assimilated to a great extent into her own character. This the elder novelists of the didactic school quite understood. With a view to improve and elevate their female readers through the medium of their sympathies, in depicting their hero they struck a balance between the gifts of fortune and the more sterling recommendations of mind and heart. They placed an epitome of the cardinal virtues in a cottage, and assigned a palace to the less amiable or less admirable characteristics of humanity. Poverty was tempered by genius, beauty, or manliness; wealth with ugliness, senility, or vice. Between these two combinations—repeated, of course, in endless variety—they left the fair sympathizer to make her choice. No true woman could hesitate to which to accord the preference. The virtuous young man, struggling with adversity, and pushing his fortunes in the teeth of a hostile world, monopolized the sympathies of young-ladydom; while the wicked nobleman, in spite of his house in Grosvenor Square and castle in Scotland, was regarded with just abhorrence. This education of female sympathies was really salutary and wise. It brought into vogue a high standard of marital qualifications. It made young ladies properly fastidious. It led them to cultivate a lofty and disinterested way of thinking—to think more of moral and intellectual worth than the mere glitter of social prosperity, and to indulge in romantic but invigorating resolutions to link their fate, not with a rich booby or popinjay of fashion, but with some chivalrous and high-souled being who should enthral the Senate by the magic of his eloquence, or charm the age with his verse, or enshrine his name in history by the splendour of his martial exploits.

Then came the Oxford movement, with its prolific crop of High-Church novels. The current of female enthusiasm was directed into a fresh channel, and towards another type of pattern humanity, which still exhibited much that was worthy of respect and admiration. The bright particular star to which the new school of fiction pointed was the British curate—no longer, as he had hitherto been represented, a mere parish drudge, but beautified and transfigured, crowned with a halo of drawing-room sentiment, and dilated to heroic proportions. The selection of the curate, instead of the rector or bishop, betrayed a compromise between the religious convictions and the artistic exigencies of the novelist. To have represented the higher orders of the hierarchy as susceptible to the tender passion would have lowered the very class whose prerogatives it was intended to exalt. As Sydney Smith says, the nearest approach to a flirtation on the part of a bishop would be a request to speak with a young lady in the vestry after service. On the other hand, a vein of love and matrimony was indispensable in a work designed for the circulating library. How was the interest of the fair sex to be excited without impairing the dignity of the cloth? The problem was solved by putting forward the curate to carry on, and conduct to a satisfactory issue, what may be called the tender business of the story. A delicious aroma of sacerdotalism hung about him; while it was not unseemly to describe the human and inflammable element as strong in one who had just left college, and had been a Balliol or Trinity man before he was a deacon. Perhaps, as we look back to the typical curate, as portrayed in novels written some twenty years ago, he may appear a little insipid. But he had some excellent points. We could have better spared a better man out of the heroes of fiction. He was conscientious, industrious, consistent, great at district visiting, great at propagating his views over the tea-table, testifying even in his attire to the value which he attached to æstheticism, and, last not least, he intoned beautifully. Curate-worship, though it had its foibles, produced, on the whole, a very healthy excitement in the female bosom. It developed the missionary zeal which is strong in woman. It stimulated young ladies to unprecedented feats of parochial activity. They lectured the poor, they visited the sick, they taught in schools, they carved poppy-heads, they worked altar-cloths, they scrubbed brasses, they even went so far as to dabble in theology, and could speak fluently of the points of difference between the Romish and Anglican Communions. Thoughtful observers can only regret that a literary creation which led to so many improving and useful efforts should have passed into oblivion. After the downfall of the curate-type there were two main attempts to place before young ladies in fiction a model man. We have had the genial hero, and the intense hero; muscle with, and muscle without, Christianity; cheery naturalism, and gloomy animalism; Mr. Kingsley's young man, and the cool Captain of the author of *Guy Livingstone*. Both these types had their merits. The picture of an earnest, unconventional, God-fearing young fellow doing his duty without any nonsense or self-questionings, may be studied with advantage by a sex inclined to frivolity and affectation. We cannot say as much of the compound of pugilism and French sentiment which the author of *Guy Livingstone* delights to embody in his heroes. Still, there is something in physical force that will always command, and not undeservedly, female admiration. Compared with the representative man of the popular sensational novel, even an amateur prize-fighter becomes respectable. The hero of the modern novel reminds one of nothing so much as a figure in Madame Tussaud's Exhibition, all velvet and gold outside, while within there is nothing but padding and rubble. The only moral which he serves to point is this, that the most exalted kind of happiness is that which a young woman shares with a matrimonial Gallio, lulled into a comatose state of fat contentment, who will not dine with a whit the less appetite if the police are dragging his wife to the county goal on a charge of murder or bigamy. As a peg to carry

on the business of an ingenious story he may be of use, but a sorer caricature of a man was never perpetrated.

Perhaps we may be thought to exaggerate the novelist's influence when we attribute to the creatures of his fancy a power to affect for good or for evil the taste and moral perceptions of his fair reader. This influence, whether great or small, is not felt by the sexes in equal degree. A man takes up a novel for the mere purpose of distraction. The interest which it excites is transient. Any impression which it leaves is sure to be modified and corrected by the suggestions of actual experience. He does not expect to find his ideal of a wife in the heroine of any novel. It is different with woman. In the first place, the greatest portion of her literature consists of works of fiction. From these she draws her ideas; by these, to a great extent, she regulates her conduct. Impressionable and imaginative, she lives in a little artificial world of her own, peopled with the airy creations of romance. Then she has a dangerous habit of identifying the situations of a novel with the circumstances of her own life, and of speaking and acting as she thinks a young lady in a novel would speak or act. The novelist, therefore, is in a special manner responsible for leading her to the admiration of whatsoever things are good and true and beautiful, as well as for withholding her admiration from what is base, spurious, and ignoble. And as, in a story, the centre of interest to a young lady is always the prominent male character, it is not unimportant that the hero should exhibit qualities which entitle him to the respect of refined and cultivated minds.

EARLY GREECE AND EARLY ENGLAND.

IT is impossible to read any part of Mr. Gladstone's *Homeric and the Homeric Age* without being constantly struck with the singular mixture of strength and weakness which the whole book displays. No doubt the strength comes out more in some parts, and the weakness in others; but the mixture runs through the whole work. In the worst parts of the book, those which deal with mythology and ethnology, though the conclusions are about as ill-founded as any conclusions that any man ever came to, still it is impossible to follow Mr. Gladstone's arguments without being constantly struck with their extreme ingenuity, and without having one's eyes opened to many delicate touches in the poems themselves which had hitherto passed unobserved. One laments that so diligent and ingenious an observer of the phenomena did not venture to look them full in the face, but saw everything through the coloured spectacles of preconceived, and often very absurd, theories. On the other hand, in the best parts of the book, what we may call the political and poetical parts, where the writer was less under the influence of theories, where he was, to use his own later phrase, "unmuzzled," though the strength here greatly exceeds the weakness, still the weakness ever and anon crops out in very odd forms. Perhaps the best part of all is Mr. Gladstone's estimate of the political condition of the Homeric age. Here he boldly grapples with one of the most formidable of antagonists, no less a one than Mr. Grote himself. Mr. Gladstone, in dealing with this subject, was not hampered by any theories about Jews or Pelasgians; he looked his facts in the face, and interpreted them by the light of his own reason and his own experience. Mr. Grote, on the other hand, in dealing with this particular matter, was hampered, if not by a theory, at least by a prejudice. Mr. Grote is, after all, not the historian of Greece, but the historian of the Athenian Democracy. In that character he has done historical learning and historical justice such a service as they have received at the hands of no other living man. He has cleared away the calumnies of ages, and has shown what the great free State of the ancient world really was. Without reckoning up any other of Mr. Grote's many merits, this alone at once places him in the first rank of his craft. But, just as in the case of Mr. Gladstone himself, though in a much smaller degree, Mr. Grote's strength is a kind of heroic strength which carries with it an accompanying weakness. It is not like the equable power of Bishop Thirlwall, which never rises so high and never falls so low. The Athenian Democracy is so completely Mr. Grote's idol and model that he becomes distinctly unfair to other models which are the idols of other people. He loves his own *Demos* with so passionate a love that it makes him unjust, not only to the actual enemies of *Demos*, but to all those, in all times and places, who had the bad luck to come short of the measure of his perfections. This tendency comes out most strongly at the two ends of his history. That he is unfair to Alexander and his Macedonians is no more than we should look for. But, in his love for the noblest display of Grecian freedom, he is also unfair alike to its earlier foreshadowing and to its later aftergrowth. In his devotion to the Athenians of Pericles, he has no admiration left either for the Achæans of Aratus or for the Achæans of Agamemnon. The Homeric *Agoré* had not attained the full perfection of the Athenian *Ekklesia*. The strict parliamentary proceeding of the *Ekklesia*, the regular forms of discussion, the regular taking of votes, had not been developed in the days of the *Agoré*. Particular men, and those men kings, seem to have guided the Assembly pretty much as they pleased. All this is very different from the state of things in the Assemblies which listened to Pericles and Cleon. The Homeric *Agoré* departs in many respects from the sacred model in the *Phryx*: Mr. Grote therefore dwells fondly on the points of unlikeness, and hardly at all on the points of likeness. He sees that the common man in Homer is less bold, less self-confiding, more inclined to submit to

dictation, than the common man at Athens. All he can see therefore, in the whole picture of Homeric politics, is what seems to him the degradation of the mass of the people before the chiefs. The evidences of real freedom, the germs of what was to be more fully developed in a later age, he throws into comparative obscurity. Mr. Gladstone's eyesight is here a great deal keener. Undoubtedly his prejudices lie the other way. In his eyes, the Homeric state of things is the ideal, and the Athenian state of things is, we suppose, a falling away. This of course is utter exaggeration, worse exaggeration indeed by far than Mr. Grote's. Still, Mr. Gladstone, looking thus fondly at the heroic age, if he sees in it some imaginary merits, sees also many real merits, many true analogies, which Mr. Grote fails to see. Mr. Grote, so to speak, finds fault with a child because he is not a full grown man; Mr. Gladstone finds fault with a full-grown man because he has lost some of the attractive graces and dispositions of childhood. Both complaints are unreasonable; but there is something more amiable about Mr. Gladstone's, and in this case Mr. Gladstone's prejudice very frequently helps him to a clearer view of the truth. In a discussion between Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Grote on Athenian politics, every word that we now say would perhaps be equally true with the names of the disputants transposed.

Mr. Gladstone's whole description of the *Agoré* is wonderfully acute and wonderfully sound. He fully enters into the whole thing; he sees the reality through all disguise; he hits on the truest and most speaking analogies. In reading this part of his book we lift up our hands in wonder that this is the same man who made all that amazing talk about Traditive Deities, about Pelasgians, Phœnicians, Eellians, and what not. He so clearly catches the true life of the whole thing. The Assembly is passive; there is nothing to be called a division, hardly anything to be called a vote; opposition speakers are not encouraged; whatever Agamemnon wishes prevails. From all this Mr. Grote infers that the whole affair was a sham. Mr. Gladstone's sight is here far keener. His comparison of the *Agoré* to an English county-meeting is one of the aptest that he could have hit upon. The county-meeting comes together much more to listen than to discuss; only a few select speakers are likely to get a hearing; any Thersites who may push himself forward meets with very little popular favour; there is most likely no formal taking of votes; and yet the thing is not a sham; no resolution could be carried which did not set forth the real feeling of the Assembly. Regular voting, regular dividing, is not of the essence of free debate; to count heads and to go by the majority, though the fairest and most convenient way of deciding, is not a principle ordained in the eternal fitness of things; the Spartan way of deciding *βούλει καὶ ἀφ' ἑσέως* is, after all, the most primitive and natural. Again, the institutions of an early state of society may be—indeed they are sure to be—very rude and imperfect, mere germs of something which later generations may develop and improve. But sham, make-believe, unreality, whatever it is to be called, is just the fault which a primitive institution cannot have. Shams are the signs, not of a growing, but of a decaying state of things, not of a rude institution, but of an effete one. Any institution may turn into a sham; an ingenious man in a later state of things, may set up an institution in order that it may be a sham; but no genuine primitive institution ever was a sham at the beginning. The primitive Assembly is much more likely to cry "Yea, Yea," than "Nay, Nay," to the proposals of its chiefs; but this is merely because it has not yet formed the wish to cry "Nay, Nay." Such an Assembly will be ready enough to cry "Nay, Nay," whenever the time comes. There is all the difference in the world between such an Assembly as this and an Assembly which wishes to say "Nay, Nay," and is afraid to say it. The outward phenomena of the two Assemblies may look much the same; but the history of the two bodies, and their spirit too, is utterly different. A rotten borough is a rotten borough, whatever its past history may be; still there is all the historical difference in the world between a borough enfranchised in the thirteenth century, which has since decayed, and has thereby become corrupt, and a borough enfranchised in the sixteenth century, for the express purpose of being corrupt from the beginning. The Roman Assembly, and even the Roman Senate, became under the Empire as passive as the French Legislative Body, but the French Legislative Body was instituted in order to be a sham, while the Roman Senate and Assembly were the opposite to shams for many ages, whatever they might sink into at last. In short, the Homeric *Agoré*, like every primitive institution, goes only a little way, but it is a reality as far as it does go. It is the first rude germ of the Athenian *Ekklesia*, and it is not to be blamed because it did not leap to perfection at one bound. In such a case the points of likeness are those which a philosophical inquirer will dwell upon, far more than on the points of unlikeness.

Throughout Mr. Gladstone's examination of the Homeric *Agoré*, he seems to be constantly on the very brink of beginning a real analogy, from which, as often as he begins it, he shrinks. Three or four times he seems as if he were going to compare the polity of the Achæans in the heroic age with the polity of the ancient Teutons. But he never actually enters on this comparison, though it would have been far more to the purpose than anything which he could find to say about Jews, Phœnicians, Egyptians, or even Persians. Of course the Persians, as Aryan kinsfolk, stand in quite a different position from all the rest, and, if we knew as much of the genuine uncontaminated Aryan Persians as we do of Greeks and Teutons, they might probably supply analogies just as much to the purpose. But we cannot get rid of a sort of feeling,

something like a nightmare, that Mr. Gladstone's wandering tribes of Persia after all belong to Turan and not to Iran—that, in very truth, they are nothing better than Turks. It is safer, then, to stick to our own fathers and brothers, whom we know something about. For the counterpart of the heroic age of Greece we need only look to the Germany of Tacitus. Every investigation into Teutonic antiquities the more confirms the truth of that wonderful picture. Tacitus is no romancer, writing in spleen against the vices of his own people and attributing imaginary virtues to the barbarians. No doubt the contrast heightened the satisfaction of drawing the picture, but the picture is none the less true. In the picture which Tacitus gives of the ancient Teutons, we find the germs of all later Teutonic institutions in England and everywhere else. And those institutions supply the most wonderful likeness to the institutions of the Homeric Achæans. In both we see the mixture of monarchic, aristocratic, and democratic elements ready made for Montesquieu or De Lolme. There is the King—of the blood of Woden, as the Greek King is of the blood of Zeus; there are the nobles, and the people—in Old-English phrase, the Earls and the Churls. There is the Council, seemingly of the Earls only, where small matters are decided, and the Assembly of Earls and Churls alike, where the whole body decides on great matters. In other words, there is the Homeric *Boulê* and the Homeric *Agorê*. The Assembly is the armed Assembly of the whole people, such as may be seen any spring in Appenzell; we read nothing of formal discussions and formal divisions; the assembled people accepts or rejects the proposals of its chiefs. The clash of arms speaks assent; the disapproving groan speaks rejection. In these rude elements, Greek and Teutonic, we have the germs alike of the Athenian *Ekklesia* and of the English House of Commons; but the parallel goes much farther. In the Teutonic picture we have, as one of the main elements, the institution of the *Comitatus*, the personal followers of the chiefs, the *Gesithas* and *Thegnas* of our own early days. We have them over again in the personal followers, the *ἑπαύροισι*, of the Achæan chieftains. The *Thegn* of the English chief and the *ἑπαύρων* of the Achæan chief, are both free, and often noble, and they are not disgraced by that personal service to a personal superior which the republican Greeks and Romans looked on as fit only for slaves. Herein comes the great difference between the later development of Hellenic and of Teutonic life. Both start from the free community, the commonwealth of Earls and Churls, under their King, Duke, Ealdorman, whatever he may happen to be called. In both cases, besides the free community we see the personal *Comitatus* of the chiefs. But the later development of these two elements differed in the two cases. In Greece, the free communities gradually got rid, everywhere of their monarchic, in many places of their aristocratic, elements, and grew into those democracies of which Athens is the greatest and most glorious type. The Athenian *Ekklesia* is the Homeric *Agorê* developed, with the King and the *Boulê* exchanged for elective magistrates and senators. The *Comitatus*, the *ἑπαύροισι*, have no representatives in later Greece. But in Teutonic Europe, the *Comitatus* became everything; they grew into the feudal aristocracy; the new nobility of the King's *Thegnas* gradually supplanted the elder nobility of the Earls, and reduced the Churls, the simple freemen, to a state, in some cases of actual serfdom, in all cases of great inferiority to their original position. The old Teutonic constitution has continuously survived nowhere but in the democratic Cantons of Switzerland, where it has become thoroughly republicanized, but where it long retained a strong element of practical aristocracy in the preference for office habitually, though not legally, yielded to certain ancient families. Elsewhere the old liberties have either been lost, or, as in England, have been recovered in other shapes. As *Marks* grew into *Shires* and *Shires* into Kingdoms, the primitive democracy became impracticable; the whole body of freemen of such large districts could not be assembled; the Assemblies, the *Gemôt*, the Thing, the *Placita*, shrank up into a gathering of the *Boulê* only; the *Agorê* at most hears and assents in a formal way to their resolves. One trace of the old order of things we still have; the Sovereign at the coronation is still presented to the crowd for their acceptance—the faint remnant of a time when the Christian people chose their kings and sometimes deposed them. The democratic element died out from its being so intensely democratic; a primary Assembly of a whole Kingdom was an impossibility; oligarchy therefore gradually came in, and the popular element revived only with the introduction of representation in the thirteenth century.

The Greek and Teutonic politics thus started from the same point, but came to utterly different results. The cause of the difference is probably to be found in the love of a city life among the Greeks, and the love of a country life among the Teutons. The cities could not be fused together as the Teutonic marks and shires could; they retained their separate independence, while the Teutonic settlements gradually grew into great Kingdoms. In a Greek city an aristocracy might abide for a while, but the King and his *comitatus*, instead of strengthening and developing, were got rid of altogether. In civic life, aristocratic or democratic, there was no place for them. But in the rural life of the Teutons they became everything; and free cities in Teuton countries have always been the exception and not the rule. A few Roman towns may have always retained their existence as distinct commonwealths, but the purely Teutonic city commonwealths are a later creation, a protest against the overwhelming growth of the *comitatus*, now grown into a feudal aristocracy.

Here, then, in the earliest days of two great Aryan races, we find a most remarkable parallel in the political institutions. But we believe it to be more than a parallel; we believe the Hellenic and the Teutonic institutions, like the Hellenic and the Teutonic languages and mythologies, to be kindred offshoots from a single stem. To work out this inquiry we need Comparative Politicians, just like Comparative Philologists and Comparative Mythologists. And if they can find out the original of the oldest nobility it will be a great boon to the student. As it is, alike in the Greek and the Teutonic world, distinctions of birth are among our primary puzzles. We see an older nobility supplanted by a younger, but to the origin of that older nobility we do not see our way. There were Earls and Churls as far as we can go back, but how the Earl came to differ from the Churl, that is the great difficulty.

THE IRISH CHURCH.

IT would be very strange if an Irish difficulty were not treated in an Irish fashion. And what is an Irish fashion? It is that which is incapable of definition or classification. It is that perpetual and constant defiance and affront of order, reason, and principle which it is only possible to describe without accounting for. It is the standing exception which proves the general rule of consistency and sequence in human things. It is the fault and anomaly which shows that order is the universal purpose. Some philosophers tell us that the final cause of evil is to demonstrate the absolute necessity of good. We do not profess to understand this, but, just because we cannot understand it, some such reason may perhaps be assigned for the existence of Ireland. At any rate, if this does not account for Ireland—and we are far from saying that it does—nothing else can. Now, on Tuesday night, we find Sir John Gray—himself, as he announced, belonging to the Church of England—bringing forward a resolution of the substance, though perhaps not the terms, of which had been dictated by the Ultramontane Archbishop Cullen. This resolution was, of course, calculated to promote the spiritual interests of the Establishment, while denouncing it as a great cause of dissatisfaction to the people of Ireland. This is odd and perplexing to start with. And, descending from principles to details, we only plunge from contradiction to confusion. We cannot get at the most elementary facts of the case. No two authorities seem to be agreed as to what the Irish Church Establishment is. Sir John Gray sets down its total net value at probably 700,000*l.* per annum. Lord Dufferin is quoted for 420,000*l.*, but says that he put it at 480,000*l.* Archbishop Trench is said to have mentioned 500,000*l.* On the whole it does not appear that the various computers have taken the trouble to agree whether they are talking about the net or the gross value of benefices, whether they include or exclude the value of the sees and dignities, or whether they reckon the five-and-twenty per cent. paid to the landowners for collecting the tithe. This confusion about the pecuniary value of the Irish Establishment is paralleled when we come to examine the statistics of its members. The Archbishop of Armagh states the numbers belonging to the Establishment as 700,000, and asserts that, relatively to the population, they are increasing. Dean Alexander says the same. "It is beyond contradiction that the census of 1861, compared with that of 1834, shows a relative increase in our favour." When this assertion is met by the observation that emigration has thinned the Roman Catholic ranks, Dr. Alexander answers that it has equally thinned the Protestant ranks; and there can be no question that of late years a spirit of church building and church extension has been developed in the Irish Establishment, and that a revival, common perhaps to all religious bodies, has spread across the Channel, which seems to show that, whatever may be the status of the Irish Church, it is not decreasing.

Passing from those considerations which throw doubt and uncertainty on the very first data which ought to be established before we are in a position to investigate the problem, and omitting any notice of the ingenious *argumentum ad invidiam* which points to the existence of parishes without a single Protestant, occupied by a brewery, &c.—which parishes have for centuries been absorbed into a union of parishes forming a single benefice—we are confronted with the main and especially Irish difficulty of the case as a whole. The Irish Church is an anomaly; granted. An anomaly must be reduced to order and system and rule; granted, for this follows from the fact of an anomaly. But how is it to be remedied? Hear Archbishop Cullen. "We demand the disendowment of the Established Church in Ireland as a condition without which social peace and stability, general respect for the laws, and unity of sentiment and of action for national objects can never prevail in Ireland." Real, complete, and exhaustive, as are all ecclesiastical rescripts, with a fine twang of cant. The only fault of it is that it is too plain-spoken, too logical, too complete. No doubt, if the Establishment is an anomaly, a failure, a nuisance, and a wrong, it ought to be got rid of. But it is precisely at this point that the real difficulty begins. It is not the disease, bad enough as that is, but the cure, which is formidable. We have come to think, many of us at least, that of all social evils an Irish Orangeman is the worst, always excepting an Irish Ultramontane. Protestant ascendancy is a curse, but Ultramontane ascendancy is as the curse of Erzulphus. Undoubtedly there is a cancer at work in Ireland, but we do not half like to call in a surgeon whose views are those of Archbishop Cullen. And then

timid people say, if the Irish Church is to be suppressed because it is an anomaly, are we going out, like Don Quixote, on a crusade against all anomalies? There is scarcely anything which is not an anomaly, or may not be made to look like an anomaly. The Crown is an anomaly, if you strictly pursue into all its consequences the doctrine of Parliamentary majorities. Trial by jury is a theoretical anomaly, if, as in criminal cases, it is liable to be set aside by the privilege of a Royal pardon. Mr. Bright would tell us that it is an anomaly to recognise the parallel facts of Trentham and Bethnal Green. The rectory of Doddington side by side with a Peel district is an anomaly. But statesmen tell us that they are content to leave the discussion, and the settlement too, of anomalies to logicians. Politicians have something better to do.

The question might, indeed, have been stated in a shape with which politicians could fairly grapple. The Irish Establishment represents a considerable endowment of a small minority; the Roman Catholic population represents the religion of a vast majority. Transfer the property from the minority to the majority. This is only common-sense and logic, on the assumption that all endowments, and indeed all institutions, are for the greatest happiness of the greatest number. But this is precisely the settlement, because it is the dictate of mere common sense, which everybody agrees to scout. The Roman Catholics will not have the endowments. Rome forbids it, and the interests of the clergy are opposed to it. Disendow the Irish Church, and her confiscated endowments are a greater difficulty than their present misapplication. It is not now as in the palmy days of Henry VIII. The landowners and courtiers will not get a farthing of that sumptuous 700,000*l.* a year which, capitalized, has been reckoned at 13,000,000*l.* Certainly if the disendowment of the Irish Church meant a bonus of 13,000,000*l.* to the landowners, be they of Ulster or Connaught, the Establishment would not be worth a week's purchase. As a matter of fact, the landowners would lose by the disendowment, for as they are now paid 25 per cent. of the tithe for the trouble of collecting it, they would lose what pickings—and they must amount to a goodly trifle—they get by their agency. The landowners have been told distinctly that not only would they gain nothing by disendowment, but that the settlement of the rent-charge in 1835 would be unsettled. All, therefore, that disendowment might be good for is either rejected or is impracticable under the circumstances of the case. The only possible use to which the resources of the Irish Church can be applied are railways, light-houses, and the navigation of the Shannon. Very good purposes all of them, and perhaps we are coming, in due course of centuries, to this; but as at present we are a long way from it, the mere dull resistance to disendowment because there is no use to which we can apply the endowments furnishes the strongest argument against Sir John Gray's motion. Not that we are by any means prepared to say that the Irish Church, when it comes to the arguments of its friends, has much to say in its defence. Polemically, it cannot boast of its successes; nor does it dare to say that it can justify its existence by extending its proselytism against the Roman Catholics. Politically it has failed, and must fail still more. It did next to nothing when it was backed by all the influence of England; it must and ought to do less now that Orangeism is as hateful as Cullenism. If, as its higher advocates claim, it ought to be maintained as being a Church by the grace of God, the fountain and depository of Christian truth, rather than an Establishment resting on the right of bargain and compact incorporated in the Act of Union, this is a claim which Parliaments have come to regard with calm and contemptuous indifference. It may be very true, but Parliament has set aside the Clergy Reserves Compact in Canada. International treaties, and solemn compacts, and fundamental guarantees, are excellent things, as long as it is not convenient to brush them away; but it is just as wise to appeal to the Act of Union, in behalf of the Irish Church, as it would be in the German Diet to invoke the Treaty of Vienna when French armies had possessed themselves of the Rhenish provinces. Nor again, does it necessarily follow that, because the Irish Church is disendowed, the same measure must, sooner or later, be meted to the English Church. This is a favourite argument with the Irish ecclesiastics. They have made the most of that absurd phrase, the "United Church of England and Ireland." In England, however, many of us have thought that the Union was rather of the Mezentian type. We do not quite like this identification of the Irish Church with the Church of England. We note a good many points of difference, and none of them in favour of our little sister. When the Irish bishops and clergy cling so close to Anglican skirts, some people think perhaps, with Mawworm, that a spencer has its uses. And when it is said that it is impossible to maintain two opposite systems, that of an Established Church and No Church, in two portions of the Empire, the answer, though not complete, is not easy to refute—namely, that this new anomaly is not greater than the existence of two different Establishments on either side of the Tweed. Another argument adduced by the Irish clergy has even less weight. England cannot be acquitted of blame in impeding the progress of the Irish Reformation; therefore England is debarred from attempting to remedy evils which she herself caused in her scandalous ecclesiastical and political misrule of Ireland. This is an argument which certainly would have been fatal to the Reformation itself, since there can be no question that the abuses remedied at the English Reformation grew up with the full consent and complicity of the people.

Now it may be said that all this is but playing fast and loose with

the question. What comes of exposing the fallacies and inconsistencies and inconsequences of the two parties to this dispute? Nothing whatever, we admit; but nothing else is left for by-standers to do. There is much to be said on both sides. Sir John Gray has all the argument with him; but then his conclusion is founded on anything but the force of his premises. Mr. Napier or Mr. White-side or the clerical advocates succeed triumphantly in showing that Sir John's settlement will settle nothing, please nobody, and will not make Ireland more loyal or manageable; but they base their conclusions on arguments which crumble away as soon as they are examined. We thus are confronted by two strong one-sided partial statements, in neither of which we concur; and we are asked to close with a remedy when we are in the old Roman condition of being equally unable to accept either the disease or its cure. But this attitude, pardonable because unavoidable in such as ourselves, is not quite what we have a right to expect from a Government. A Government only exists because it is bound, from the mere fact that it is a Government, to meet such difficult cases. We do not want people in Downing street wringing their hands and assuring us that they are at their wit's end. An Irish Secretary may be credited with entire truthfulness when he assures the House of Commons that it is a very difficult case, and that he sees all the difficulties of it. So do speakers at the Oxford Union. But what we want is somebody strong enough for the place. A lively octogenarian might whistle the matter into the future with a cheery smile; and an over-taxed septuagenarian may tell us that what with the franchise, and what with the cattle plague, and what with Austria and Prussia, and what with main drainage, his poor hands are quite full, and he does not know where to turn—really he does not—but the ugly question starts up, How long is all this to last?

DEMI-MONDE LITERATURE.

A NEW journal has within the last few weeks appeared in Paris, which is understood to represent the views, ideas, and interests of the frailer, though more powerful, portion of the ladies of that city. This valuable paper comes out every Sunday morning, thus acting upon the reader as the discourse of a favourite divine acts upon her more reputable sisters, and giving a sort of pleasant tone to her mind for the rest of the week. It is printed on a single sheet, of a charming rose-pink hue, and may be purchased for the modest sum—the only modest feature it possesses—of twopence-halfpenny. Most, if not all, of its contributors seem to be ladies—Turlurette, Marie, Cora, and the rest. We are promised the disclosure of some singular mysteries, "*toujours, bien entendu, du côté féminin*"—a reservation which naturally rather enhances than decreases the attractions of the pink sheet. This promise, however, can hardly be said to be fulfilled. The singular mysteries are still kept profoundly dark in the recesses of Turlurette's bosom, and, from all that can be gathered of Turlurette's fashion of life, one may suspect that she has as little story to tell as the needy knife-grinder. The "*soiled dove*" has, as a rule, a singularly small collection of views or ideas. A journal professing to represent them would be rather like the famous chapter on the Snakes of Norway. They have no ideas. Plucking well-feathered young pigeons, and surpassing their rivals in riot and extravagance, are the two processes which exhaust their simple views. Four pages of pointless jests, witless little anecdotes, senseless little songs, and little bits of gossip about the play, are perhaps as faithful a representation of the minds of these fascinating creatures as one could desire. The pink sheet is the result of holding up the mirror to the under-standings of the mercenary fair. The *Aspasie* of Paris, and perhaps of other cities too, has her amusing qualities exactly reflected in the truly brilliant and delicate wit of her literary organ. For instance:—"One day at the Casino Cadet a fine lady with whom L— was dancing reminded him that he had no gloves on. 'It doesn't matter,' he replied, 'I'll wash my hands after the quadrille.'" Or the picture of married bliss:—"My dear, you are yawning." "Very likely, husband and wife only counting as one, when I'm by myself I'm bored." "*Une grande nouvelle*: Mdlle. Zélia Druellier refuse désormais de jouer dans les pièces à femmes. Elle ne veut plus montrer ses jambes. (*C'est dommage, c'est ce qu'elle avait de mieux.*) Allons, allons, le diable se fait ermite, notre camarade prend son billet de retour." The mildness of these and the hundred other jokes of the same calibre is astounding, even to the fellow-countrymen of the more virtuous *Punch*. Here is one of the most brilliant:—"On vantait devant la petite Esther Gérard les qualités et l'amabilité bien connues de Mdlle. M. . . de Châtelet. 'Oh c'est une charmante femme,' répond incontinent Esther; 'elle a des préférences . . . pour tout le monde.'" The idea of a registry of this kind of all the spiteful things which women of loose morals find to say of one another is so exceedingly happy that one wonders why some of the enterprising young members of the fashionable world in our own country have never taken it up. They certainly manage these things better in France. Imagine the pleasure which would be given to the horse-taming heroines of the Row if they could awake every Sunday morning with the proud knowledge that their *obiter dicta* of the week were being diffused over the length and breadth of the town on pink paper. Macaulay dwells with just pride on the fact that words spoken in the Senate at two in the morning are read in Edinburgh in the afternoon, and reach the remotest Highlands by night. If the Parisian notion is borrowed, there is no reason why the elegant jests

or pungent sarcasms vented by Anonyma in her box at the Opera on Saturday night should not be eagerly read at the Sunday breakfast in London, and in the intervals between the morning and afternoon services in the country. Indeed, we don't see why some sort of international arrangement should not be made. Everything in these days has its international aspect, from dog-shows downwards; and an organ which contained all the fine things which had been done and said in the Quartier Bréda on the one side, and in Pimlico on the other, would perhaps do as much to cement the alliance between the two countries as the tranquil emulation in manufactures, and the peaceful rivalry of the iron-clads. As yet the French ladies have scarcely got a thorough knowledge of the manners and customs of the English. One of the contributors to the pink sheet, writing under the curiously compounded title of *Aspasie Dea Maria*, forwards a little story which we venture to reproduce with little fear of hurting the feelings of a respectable English family. An hotel at Nice is the scene of the myth:—

An English family had been living there for some time.

Two daughters, a father and a mother.

This family, which is noble and rich, is indefatigable in attending the balls of the Prefect.

One of the blonde young ladies met a young man there on three occasions.

One evening the family came down to dinner.

One of the young ladies is missing.

The mother, who has just left her, supposes that she'll be down directly.

One hour passes . . . two . . . the whole evening.

Excitement of the father and mother. . . .

All is in a revolution at the hotel. . . .

The next day they learn that the young lady was seen with a young gentleman.

The day after that the parents get the following letter.

The "jeune lady" would appear to have written to them in two languages, for the letter is printed by the Aspasian contributor thus:—

Dear Father and Mother,

Un petit Français m'avait promis son nom. Je l'ai suivi. Il m'a trompée et m'a laissée à l'Hôtel de Gènes. Il était marié et suis retenue pour la somme de seize lires. Envoyez-moi cette somme et votre pardon.

Votre respectueuse fille,

MISS MARY.

The result was that the father at once forwarded the sixteen pounds, and sent poor "Miss Mary" home. "Qui disait donc," concludes *Aspasie Dea Maria*, "que les Anglais n'étaient point *fantaisistes*?" So very different from the French in this respect, of course.

Not the least remarkable thing about the contributors is their candour as to the secrets of their craft. The share which *poudre de riz* has in their comeliness is a standing joke. Anna, for instance, gets very cross because Juliette insists upon going at full gallop in the Bois, which makes all the powder come off. "Tiens, voici la boîte," says Juliette, immediately passing the box to her in a friendly way. Their passion for money is as little concealed as the artificial source of their charms. Nathalie honestly assures us that Regnier's verses are fully as true in 1866 as they were in 1731:—

Que par de jolis vers, par une chansonnette,
Un amant trouve grâce auprès d'une coquette,
Je le crois bien;

Mais que cent pistoles en prose
Ne fassent mieux la même chose,
Je n'en crois rien.

In a rather amusing series of papers—the only thing, indeed, worth reading in these pink sheets—entitled a "Voyage," not round the world, but round the *demi-monde*, the authoress exhibits the ugliness of the country through which she is taking us with an effect to which the sternest moralist could not approach. The lying, affectation, greediness, and utter rascality of the women, and the folly and infatuation of their dupes, are depicted with a charming unconsciousness on the part of our guide that this sordid trickery is in any way either wonderful or objectionable. The picture of the actress "en disponibilité" is marked by an exceeding frankness. Most of the leading characters, it would seem, make a pretence of following the drama. As soon as she has left the Conservatoire, say at eighteen, the lady is taken by her mother to travel. On this journey she signs several engagements—at Vienna with a field-marshal, retired from service, who consoles himself for the wounds of war by cultivating the arts; "à Berlin, avec un principicule allemand, qui lui donne un traitement de ministre, et auquel elle rend de mauvais traitements; à Hambourg, avec un banquier artiste, qui lui donne un aperçu du *libre échange*." Then she arrives at St. Petersburg, with the fixed idea of becoming a princess, while the fixed idea of her mother is to "avenge the French army." "The first attains her end sometimes, the latter invariably." All this time the dramatic art, in the shape of a lot of plays in paper covers, remains buried in an old bandbox. The result of the tour is that the actress finds herself without her memory, her voice, or her theatrical knowledge, "mais elle a gagné une position financière avouable." With this capital she sets up business in Paris. She speaks Russian, smokes cigarettes, calls her coachman *moyjick*, covers herself with furs, and devours caviare at every meal. Arms are quartered on the panels of her coach, and she calls herself Baroness or Countess, or anything else she chooses. Her excellent mother passes for aunt or companion nominally, and in reality manages the house and conducts all affairs with the pawnbroker. She has her reception days, like her neighbours, and counts all sorts of rich and titled foreigners among her visitors. At the play she always has one of those dark big boxes known as

baignoires, "being very well aware that one is never so much remarked as when one tries to escape observation." Whether she means all this to be a kind of student's manual or handbook of etiquette for young ladies, or a piece of descriptive natural history for the use of the world in general, it is difficult to decide. Probably it is the former. Anything like a scoffing treatment of a subject so momentous to the readers of the journal would be as fatal as an attack upon cant and bigotry in the columns of a religious newspaper.

One lady contributes a little story to the effect that, finding herself in the room of a male friend, and it being one of her few principles never to neglect any chance of rummaging an open drawer, especially if it were marked *Tombeau des souvenirs*, she came upon various letters of dismissal from his former acquaintances. Perhaps one of them will suffice for English readers:—

My dear —,—You don't deserve either my love or my regrets, and I'm going to forget you in a ball this very evening; but as my hair is indispensable, be kind enough to send it me. Ever yours, MARTHA.—P.S. You'll find the curls in the second drawer, close to the rice-powder.

At all events, nobody can accuse our delightful female contemporary of making vice at all attractive. The soiled dove is transfigured by quill pens taken from its own bosom.

A SMALL GRIEVANCE.

FEW things are more annoying than to feel oneself the victim of one of those grievances which are not big enough to excite much indignation in the world at large, but which are sufficiently great to be distinctly perceptible to one's own imagination. A man in a dangerous illness has the consolation, such as it is—and to some minds it is not a small one—of gaining a certain dignity from the magnitude of the evil. He learns to consider his complaint as in some sense a source of additional importance, and a claim to the respect of those around him. But an unfortunate being in a state of seasickness (some heartless persons would even extend the principle to toothache) is not only miserable but ludicrous. Every one who is not afflicted has a right to poke fun at him, to look on at his writhings with palpable complacency, and to treat his complainings from a distinctly comic point of view. There is a beautiful principle of compensation which allows an invalid to derive an apparently unnatural triumph from a good serious chronic disease, and to look upon himself with pride as a remarkably fine medical specimen. The luckless being whose sufferings are merely temporary and trifling can only take it out in ill-temper, and is liable to be preached at by thoughtless observers for that very natural indulgence. There is a parallel to this in the minor political wrongs which Mr. Trollope and his friends have been forcing upon the notice of a somewhat inattentive public. There is no doubt that he has something to complain of in the anomalous arrangement by which the officers of the revenue departments are excluded from a share in the franchise; but somehow it is a matter upon which it is very hard to get up any large amount of virtuous indignation. When a whole class are endeavouring, with more or less clamour, to force their way in at the front door, we cannot be so attentive to the rights and wrongs involved in the closing of this little postern. Most people, indeed, will agree, when they come to think about it, that the gentlemen concerned ought to have votes if they wish for them, and that, on the same supposition, they are quite right in calling out for them as strenuously as they can shout. Unluckily for them, their voice does not seem to be very loud, and is apt to be lost in the more tumultuous uproar of the advocates of the working-man. In the noise of the general conflict, the little supplementary skirmish is in danger of passing unnoticed. It requires, too, some effort of imagination, even after the expenditure of a good deal of eloquence, to believe that the stigma imposed upon Mr. Trollope and his friends is one very hard to be borne. We can scarcely picture him to our minds in the character of a blighted being, bemoaning his ignominious fate, conscious of the finger of scorn pointed at him by the ten-pound householder, and stamped with the indelible marks characteristic of a race of social pariahs deprived of the most glorious privilege of a free-born Briton. So far as our observation has gone, the Civil Servant of these oppressed departments appears to thrive very fairly, and to enjoy frequent moments of oblivion during which he becomes unconscious of the galling of his chain or the smart of the brand impressed upon him. Possibly, indeed, he may be nourishing a secret grief; concealment, like the worm in the bud, may be feeding upon the revenue officer's apparently blooming cheek; and, at all events, we must fully confess that the smallness of the grievance is no reason why it should not be removed. A man whose pocket has been picked of a halfpenny has, of course, as clear a claim for compensation as if it had been a thousand-pound note. It would be desirable that the machinery of the Constitution should be so delicately sensitive as spontaneously to redress every existing inequality. In practice, however, its hinges are apt to get somewhat rusty, and there is a certain amount of inertia to be overcome before it can be set in motion. Grievances, like gases, have sometimes to accumulate a long time before their elastic force becomes sufficient to produce an explosion. And as the woes of revenue officers are not very likely to upset a Ministry or even to alter the balance of a constituency, there is a difficulty in finding the necessary leverage for effective Parliamentary action. It is undeniably hard, and is made harder by the comparison with analogous cases. There is no reason whatever why the clerk in the Post-Office

should be denied the right of voting permitted to the clerk in the War-Office. It is an unreasonable, capricious, and anomalous distinction which rests upon no intelligible principle. And, as Mr. Trollope eloquently reminds us, it is especially unreasonable at the present day. The ideal scheme of philosophical Reformers is to make the franchise in some way dependent upon intellectual cultivation. Now the system of competitive examination is supposed to skim the intellectual cream of the country, in order to store it in our public offices. Our very tidewaiters and letter-carriers have the rule of three and the history of England and all kinds of recondite information at their fingers' ends. They would satisfy the requirements of Mr. Mill, and of far more exacting theorists. We should be disposed rather to put them alongside the Universities, as qualified to select representatives on the most intellectual grounds, than cruelly to debar them from any privileges to which meaner minds are admitted. It would doubtless be a well-deserved boon if some Minister who has already upon his shoulders the weight of other unenfranchised masses should not be afraid of adding to them the last feather in the shape of the officers of the revenue departments. It is perhaps difficult, however, to say whether they would have a better chance of getting through in the general scramble, or by waiting till, in less occupied times, they may be able to make their grievance distinctly perceptible to the naked eye.

Meanwhile, we may perhaps venture to offer them some topics of consolation. It is, of course, highly correct and commendable that any body of educated Englishmen should feel it a grievance to be deprived of the franchise. They may be disposed to tax any one with cynicism who apparently depreciates the value of the desired privilege. When a man is setting up as a village or a Custom-house Hampden, it is unkind to tell him that, after all, there is nothing to be very much excited about. The fabulous fox must have got very hopeless before he would have been grateful to any one for disparaging his grapes. Still, he took what was distinctly the wisest course under the circumstances, when his prospect became finally hopeless. And it is only provisionally, and on the assumption that they do not obtain admittance within the charmed circle, that we would hint at some comforting reflections. If a Volunteer is very anxious to do battle for his country, it would be in the highest degree unpatriotic to throw cold water upon his laudable zeal; but if he is hopelessly disqualified, if he has lost his limbs or is told off for peaceable service in the rear, he may fairly reflect that there are some inconveniences attached to fighting. In like manner, the disqualified Civil Servant may remember without shame that the possession of a vote is not an unmixed blessing. The patriotic gentlemen who consider it as equivalent to a small annuity, payable at the irregular intervals of an election contest, would naturally feel their deprivation an unmitigated loss; it would be so much money out of pocket. But we, of course, assume that the Civil Service includes no one who would look at the privilege from this point of view. All its members would consider it as imposing upon them a duty, and, therefore, by a logical consequence, as more or less disagreeable. There are few positions in this world more exquisitely disagreeable than canvassing a thoroughly independent elector. It requires a distracting effort of mind to select carefully, and yet with perfect honesty, those views which happen to fall in with his particular idiosyncrasy. A virtuous candidate can somehow always make it obvious to every elector with whom he comes in contact that he reflects precisely that shade of politics which the elector most favours; for it is only a very narrow mind which is incapable of reflecting a good many shades at once. But the effort of selecting and combining opinions, of presenting them in kaleidoscopic variety to a long succession of voters, is not a little distressing and exhausting. The elector, of course, does not suffer so much as the candidate who is angling for him with the most painfully selected baits; but he sympathizes in some degree with the effort. It is not pleasant to be converted into a kind of automaton, with rival candidates tugging at every string by which it is presumed that you may be set in motion—to be assailed at once by your pet crotchets and your party principles and your private friendships or private interests. There are always a certain number of screws which may be brought to bear upon any one whose vote is worth the trouble, and it is not seldom a great relief to be able to say that an indiscriminating country has refused to entrust you with a cherished privilege. You have at once the dignity of a victim and the satisfaction of escaping from a dilemma, and you may even, without any violent strain upon your conscience, make it appear that, had the case been different, you would have given satisfaction to everybody. At the outside, the highest satisfaction which a man can ordinarily attain by voting is the sense that he has not been guilty of a disgraceful dereliction of duty. The privilege of a vote was supposed to be one great inducement to take the M.A. degree at the University; but it may be doubted whether the prospect which existed before the introduction of voting-papers, of being dragged from a remote county to rally round the Church, or to defend the cause of liberty, was really very inspiring. If, indeed, the disfranchised body formed a separate class, who were liable to oppressive legislation, the case would be different. As it is, they are quite capable of making their voices heard both inside Parliament and without, in case of any attack upon their common interests; and for most purposes they are dispersed through classes which have a quite sufficient representation, in which their votes would make little or no difference.

There is one other consideration which may possibly have some

weight with this down-trodden body. Their exclusion has a certain historical interest. They were disqualified from voting in 1782, in the temporary paroxysm of Reform and Economy which succeeded the American war. The measure was intended to carry out the concluding phrase of the not otherwise resolution, that the influence of the Crown had increased, was increasing, and ought to be diminished. It is quite true that the resolution was then very questionable, and would be absurd if applied to the present day; and that the means adopted for carrying it out, even if it were well founded, would be totally inadequate. We are more inclined to think at the present day that Government has scarcely sufficient influence to give it due stability; and if we wished to diminish that influence, we ought clearly to disfranchise the other offices which are more directly under the eye of Ministers. It would be, of course, irrational to propose any such measure now, if it had not already been carried out, and it has at no time been of any real service. But this is just what gives it an historical value. An organ which is still discharging a useful function does not stimulate any one to account for its origin; but if it remains long after it has ceased to be of any good, we naturally inquire what could have caused its growth originally. It is like the scar received upon a battle-field—a memorial of something worth remembering, though not in itself valuable or ornamental. Now it is, as we know, a special beauty of the British Constitution that it is full of all sorts of anomalies which had their origin before the memory of man. We are not cut off by any impassable breach from the past, but carry along the stream of our history objects to remind us of every previous turn in our course. It is no doubt a plausible argument that, as the purpose for which the exclusion was designed has long ceased to be of any importance, whilst it could never have carried out that purpose, it may as well be dropped. But if this remorseless logic, to use the established formula, were applied at every point to our Constitution, there is no saying how much would be cut away. The officers of the revenue departments may therefore reflect that their exclusion is like one of the ancient camps which are such a picturesque feature in our scenery; it marks an old and totally ineffectual barrier erected against an imaginary enemy, and is worth preservation from motives of antiquarian curiosity. When the Civil Servant asks why he has not got a vote, it may be replied that it is because many years ago our ancestors passed some foolish resolutions, which ought to be satisfactory to an historical mind. If these reasons give him no satisfaction, he may have the pleasure of continuing an agitation which will give him the opportunity of talking as much eloquence as he pleases about the indefeasible rights of a British subject, and will probably last him some time before saddling him with a troublesome duty.

THE DUTY ON POST-HORSES.

AS Mr. Gladstone will certainly have a surplus to dispose of, he may confer, by the abolition of one petty tax, a benefit on the community which will greatly outweigh the loss occasioned to the revenue. The postmaster's license may perhaps be preferable to the mileage duty for which it was substituted, but it operates as a vexatious impediment to locomotion. Before any person can let a horse or carriage for hire he must pay an extravagant duty, and then take his chance of reimbursement. The license to let one horse or carriage costs 7*l.* 10*s.*; for two horses or carriages the charge is 12*l.* 10*s.*; for four horses or three carriages, 20*l.*; for eight horses or six carriages, 30*l.*; for twelve horses or nine carriages, 40*l.*; for sixteen horses or twelve carriages, 50*l.*; for twenty horses or fifteen carriages, 60*l.*; and for a greater number in a similar proportion. Although the higher class of licenses seems surprisingly expensive, the practical evil of the charge on humbler contributors to public convenience is really greater. Taxation is never so mischievous as when it prohibits consumption. Under an ideally perfect system of finance no taxpayer would be able to evade by self-denial the smallest portion of the burden imposed upon him by the State. A job-master or hotel-keeper who pays 50*l.* for a license has previously satisfied himself that the demands of his customers will be sufficient to repay his outlay. As the fixed charges of his establishment are not proportionally increased by an addition to the number of his horses or vehicles, there is little chance of his failing to provide proper accommodation for beasts or travellers. The lowest rate of license is by far the most vexatious, and the nearer steps in the ascending scale are more troublesome than the tax on twenty horses. As the ordinary charge for a carriage with one horse is a shilling a mile, the owner must pay to the Government his gross receipts for a journey of a hundred and fifty miles before he can begin to remunerate himself for the cost of the license, the purchase of carriage, horse, and harness, and the keep of the horse. In the common case of an average journey of five miles from a railway station to neighbouring villages and houses, the postmaster must make thirty gratuitous excursions in the course of every year. It follows, of course, that where traffic is scanty or uncertain, the license is not purchased, and the horse and carriage are not forthcoming.

The British public is as tolerant of the sufferings of postmasters as of the grievances of all special occupations. Cotton-spinners are numerous and powerful enough to raise a short supply of cotton or a slack demand for calico into a political question. Manchester is firmly persuaded that two hundred millions of Indians exist for the final purpose of growing cotton, and of

wearing it in the form of shirts when it has twice crossed the ocean. The owners, or would-be owners, of hireable dog-carts and pony-chaises have not the capital or the combination of Lancashire. They are consequently liable to groan without sympathy under an actual or contingent burden of 7*l.* 10*s.*, unless the British public awakes to the consciousness that, in its travelling capacity, it is itself the principal sufferer. The effect of the postmaster's license is partly protective, and in a still higher degree prohibitive. The innkeeper who necessarily has three or four horses in his stable for hire obtains by means of his license a certain monopoly. In a town of two thousand inhabitants there are at most two licensed postmasters, while there are probably a score of vehicles of the humbler kind which would be available for the convenience of travellers if the tax were repealed. Small tradesmen who keep spring carts for the delivery of their goods, and for their own personal use, would often be willing to pay the expense of the little equipage by letting it out when it was not wanted in the course of their regular occupations. Petty speculators would often invest their small capital in the purchase of a cab and a horse, if they were not prevented from earning a livelihood by the burden of the license duty. When owners of hireable vehicles became too numerous and too miscellaneous in character to combine, it is probable that the normal shilling per mile would occasionally be replaced by a more modest charge. There is no reason, except that derived from the license, for the imposition of the same rate of charge on a light cart drawn by a rough pony and on a well-appointed brougham. In a village or small town a cheap vehicle would find frequent employment, even when it was not required by travellers.

The most conclusive argument for the repeal is furnished by the comparative uselessness of roadside stations on railways. The index to *Bradshaw* enumerates more than five thousand stations in the United Kingdom, and four-fifths of the number belong either to small towns or to country districts. It may be roughly calculated that there are three thousand stations where flies are not habitually in attendance, and there must be at least two thousand where it is impossible to procure a vehicle. The inconvenience, indeed, is not confined to insignificant spots, for at the great central station of Normanton, where the Midland and Northern traffic converges, the unhappy passenger who supposes that a hundred trains imply the presence or neighbourhood of a single fly will find himself disappointed and helpless. A station at which no vehicle is kept for hire may accommodate market people and fortunate neighbours having carriages of their own, but to the travelling mass of mankind it is as useless as if it had never been built. As a general rule, railway passengers are not disposed to walk three or four miles; and even when they are unusually active, they find it impossible to carry a portmanteau. The disaster which occurred on a great scale at the London stations when the cabmen struck, a dozen years ago, is chronically distributed over a large portion of the country by the non-existence of flies or dog-carts. For the reasons which have been given, it seems certain that the evil would in almost all cases be obviated by the simple process of abolishing the postmaster's license. At present a visitor to a country house is often obliged to go several miles beyond the point of his destination for the purpose of posting from the nearest considerable town back to the place which he has passed. The hardship is still greater on persons to whom money is more important; and it must be remembered that, if the poor have less luggage than the rich, they have at least as many small children, incapable of walking, and troublesome to carry. There is an apparent superfluity in arguing in support of a conclusion which is obvious as soon as it is stated; but there may be some advantage in illustrating a grievance by recalling some of its most familiar applications. There is too much reason to fear that bishops have, through an injudicious fiscal arrangement, been forced to walk through muddy lanes at night, leaving their lawn sleeves at a station. If a similar misfortune occurred to a Chancellor of the Exchequer, future good would perhaps come out of present evil.

Mr. Gladstone will deceive himself if he lays the flattering unction of imaginary omnibuses to his soul. At stations where there are no flies there is too often no other kind of conveyance; and passengers wish to go in all directions, while an omnibus only goes in one. It is also necessary to consider that the way to a station is, to many persons, as important as the way from it. An inhabitant of a village who happens not to possess a vehicle of his own finds it as difficult to take his luggage to the station of the omnibus as to the station of the railway. Owners of country houses and substantial farmers have generally carriages of some kind, but many respectable residents in country districts are four or five miles from the nearest fly and also from the nearest omnibus. There is much to be said against the continuance of the duty on stage carriages, for the competition in local traffic between roads and railways ought as far as possible to be encouraged. Even if the railway-passenger duty were still maintained, the Companies would have no reason to complain of relief afforded to ordinary vehicles. If cheap coaches and omnibuses offered on certain lines rival accommodation, they would elsewhere be valuable feeders to railways. As, however, the duty on stage carriages will probably not be at present repealed, it is more expedient, for the moment, to request from Mr. Gladstone a more limited boon. The objection that the postmaster's license balances the stage-carriage duty may be set aside as unimportant. In many cases both taxes are paid by the same persons, and,

where an omnibus gives fair accommodation, it will always, tax or no tax, be able to undersell a vehicle specially hired. It is not desirable to complicate, and perhaps to impede, the removal of a special grievance by discussing the force of the argument which is often founded on the supposed necessity of fiscal equivalents. Let it be assumed for the moment that wine must be protected against beer, though beer is forced to compete at a disadvantage with untaxed cider. The differential duty on strong wine is perhaps a legitimate safeguard of the spirit duty, but it is impossible to apply the same principle to every article in the tariff. Notwithstanding the ingenuity of the authors of the stamp laws, many untaxed documents are still employed in the transaction of business. The duty which was long levied on bricks never extended to stone, and many kinds of material which had paid neither excise nor customs were used for the same purposes with taxed glass and taxed paper. The fly and the dog-cart would still be liable to duty if the license were abolished. Postmasters would lose their present exemption from the assessed taxes, unless Mr. Gladstone were so liberal as to allow vehicles and horses kept for hire to go absolutely free. If he listens to a reasonable suggestion, which will appear sounder as it receives fuller consideration, it may be hoped that he will not reduce the license duty, but abolish it altogether. As long as the business of letting vehicles is taxed, it will be a separate trade and a monopoly. Simple repeal will make hundreds of carriages and horses available for public use, and the number will be multiplied many times over as the convenience of free trade in flies is practically understood.

REVIEWS.

BRYCE'S HOLY ROMAN EMPIRE.*

BOOKS grow as well as constitutions. Mr. Bryce's second edition reminds us of some theories of the origin of the Iliad, or, to take a comparison perhaps more appropriate to its subject, it is very much as if a man should act Matthew Paris to his own Roger of Wendover. One theory of the Iliad, we need not say, is that, by the insertion of large portions—whole books—it was developed out of an original Achilleid into an Iliad. It is added that the parts thus inserted are among the best things in the poem, and that the person who inserted them is just as likely to have been the original author as any one else. So, under Mr. Bryce's own careful revision, his original Prize Essay is gradually growing up into a standard work. The original essay which won the Arnold Prize at Oxford was rewritten before its first publication, and this second edition, though it seems not to have been so wholly rewritten, has altogether changed its external form, and has received important additions as to its matter. All traces of its primitive state as a Prize Essay have now vanished, and the words "Prize Essay" have happily disappeared from the title-page. A larger print and a division into chapters—a process which, one would think, must have been very difficult in a treatise not originally so divided—make it physically much more pleasant to read. Large insertions, often of very important matter, have been made in several places, and they are made with such skill that it is only by comparing the present edition with the former that they are seen to be insertions. In some places Mr. Bryce has introduced actually new subjects, as in the chapter on the City of Rome—the result, we believe, of a personal visit since the publication of the first edition. In other places he merely expands subjects which he had dealt with more cursorily before, some of these subjects being among the most important things in the book. In short, to come back to the comparison with which we started, Mr. Bryce has dealt with his own work pretty much as a mediæval chronicler dealt with the work of his predecessor. It is not so much a new edition, as a new work grounded on the old one. Mr. Bryce has preserved and transcribed his former self wherever his former self reached his present standard, but he has worked in additional matter in a degree far beyond what is generally understood by revision or correction. A greater amount of narrative is in some places introduced, but the book still remains an Essay and not a History. And we think it quite right that it should so remain. It could not have been turned into a history on its present scale so as to have done anything like justice to either narrative or comment. It therefore remains an Essay—an exposition of the principles involved in certain facts a knowledge of whose general outline is pre-supposed. Still we trust that this is not the last form of the work, or rather we trust that it will again grow into another work. Mr. Bryce has shown that he can narrate as well as discuss, and we know of no one who has, in English at least, really told the history of the Empire. This is what we still look for at his hands. It would be a noble and a difficult task, but one for which the present work points out Mr. Bryce as the competent person. The difficulty would be that it would not be the history of a country, but the history of an idea, of an institution. A history of the Holy Roman Empire would deal largely with the history of Germany and Italy, but it would be something quite different from a special or local history of either of those countries. It would, in fact, be a companion piece to Dean Milman's *Latin Christianity*. During several centuries

* *The Holy Roman Empire*. By James Bryce, B.C.L. A New Edition, revised. London: Macmillan & Co. 1866.

it would reproduce nearly the same facts; but it would look at them from a wholly different point of view, taking the Empire instead of the Papacy as the central point. The facts common to the two works would therefore be reproduced in quite a different shape. It is wonderful, even when no want of accuracy is chargeable on either account, how utterly different the tone and general effect of two narratives will be, according as they group themselves round different central ideas in the way of which we have just been speaking.

In reviewing Mr. Bryce's former edition*, we pointed out the general importance of the subject, and the general merits of his treatment of it, but we did not enter much into detail as to his way of dealing with particular portions. The greatest of Mr. Bryce's merits is the way in which he brought out the religious side of the Empire, its character as the temporal aspect of the Catholic Church, its analogy and, so to speak, brotherhood with the Papacy. These points we certainly never before saw brought out with the same power and clearness. In answer to the old mocking question, How was the Empire Holy and how was it Roman? Sir Francis Palgrave had sufficiently shown in what sense the Empire remained Roman, but Mr. Bryce had the merit of first plainly showing to English readers in what sense it deserved to be called Holy. On the other hand, the only point in which we remarked anything like a serious defect in Mr. Bryce's book was that he somewhat slurred over the fact of the continued existence of the Eastern Empire. In the present edition he has done something to fill up this gap, but we are not sure that he even now fully appreciates the vast negative importance of the Eastern Empire and the Eastern Church. Their existence made the Holy Roman Empire, from its very beginning, a theory—the most magnificent of theories, but one which was not carried out in fact. At the one moment when the theory of the Holy Empire was more nearly realized than at any other—the one moment when Pope and Cæsar did really sit side by side as true and equal yokefellows in the Eternal City, the one moment when Otto and Gregory dreamed their glorious dream of the regeneration of Rome and of the world—at that moment when the Empire was at once most truly Roman and most truly Holy, almost at the gates of the old Rome, in no distant part of the Italian peninsula, there were men, Christians and Romans, who recognised not the sovereignty of the two exalted kinsmen, who in temporal matters obeyed a rival Emperor, and who in their worship clave to the tongue and usages of a rival Church. The combined Imperial and Papal theory remained a mere theory as long as so large a part of Christendom—the part, too, where religion and political tradition had remained more nearly unchanged than in any other part—obstinately refused to acknowledge either the Cæsar or the Pontiff of the West. Mr. Bryce fully understands this, and he brings out the fact much more clearly than he did in his first edition; but we are not sure that, even now, he fully realizes it in all its bearings. There was also at the other end of Europe another striking exception to the universal dominion of Cæsar. Gaul and its chief, the "Gallie Tyrannus," the "Latine Francie Rector," was, in the Imperial theory, simply a revolted province. The German laureate of Frederick Barbarossa speaks of the Western France as a New England poet might speak of South Carolina:—

À Regno necessit Gallia nostro.

Gaul then had merely revolted, but Britain had never submitted, and she maintained at one end of Christendom a position, not so hostile, but quite as independent, as that which the Empire of New Rome maintained at the other end. The theory of the Empire-Church, with its two swords in two different hands, its two chiefs, temporal and spiritual, was only a theory from the beginning. But, in showing the vast historical importance of that theory, how it influenced the course of human affairs for ages, how all mediæval history centres round it and is utterly unintelligible without it—in all this Mr. Bryce has done a service to the cause of historical truth which can hardly be overrated.

Mr. Bryce's book, it should be remembered, embraces the whole period of the Empire, down to its extinction in 1806, and, though there is a sort of fascination which makes us linger round the earlier portion of this long history, the latter part of it has an interest, and displays a power, of its own quite equal in its way even to his brilliant description—in some respects the gem of the whole book—of the career and coronation of the Great Charles. It is dreary work to come down from Otto and Henry and Frederick to the days from the Peace of Westphalia—we might almost say from the Great Interregnum—onwards. The most amazing thing about the Empire is, after all, the way in which it went on living, like one of Gulliver's *Strulbrugs*, when, most assuredly, anything else would have died. If Napoleon *Buonaparte* had not arisen, it would almost certainly have been alive still. We see to this day how the Dukes of Austria are able to impose upon the world simply by a daring appropriation of its titles and armorial bearings. A something or other, not exactly to be described, does still attach to the title of Emperor and to the ensign of the two-headed eagle, even when they are assumed without a shadow of historical right. It evidently impresses the minds even of Hungarian patriots claiming the rights of the Pragmatic Sanction. How much more effective would it be if, instead of so grotesque a description as that of "Emperor of Austria," there still was, as there was sixty years since, a King of Germany and Emperor-elect!

Mr. Bryce's description of the decrepitude of the last days of the Empire is really quite as brilliant in its way as anything that he has to tell us about the days of its glory:—

The existence of the Empire was almost forgotten by its subjects; there was nothing to remind them of it but a feudal investiture now and then at Vienna (real feudal rights were obsolete); a concourse of solemn old lawyers at Wetziar puzzling over interminable suits; and some thirty diplomatists at Regensburg, the relics of that Imperial Diet where once a hero-king, a Frederick or a Henry, enthroned amid mitred prelates and steel-clad barons, had issued laws for every tribe from the Mediterranean to the Baltic. The solemn triflings of this so-called "Diet of Deputation" have probably never been equalled elsewhere. Questions of precedence and title, questions whether the envoys of princes should have chairs of red cloth like those of the electors, or only of the less honourable green, whether they should be served on gold or on silver, how many hawthorn boughs should be hung up before the door of each on May-day; these, and such as these, it was their chief employment, not to settle, but to discuss. The pedantic formalism of old Germany passed that of Spaniards or Turks; it had now crushed under a mountain of rubbish whatever meaning or force its old institutions had contained. It is the penalty of greatness that its form should outlive its substance; that gildings and trappings should remain when that which they were meant to deck and clothe has departed. So our sloth or our timidity, not seeing that whatever is false must be also bad, maintains in being what once was good long after it has become helpless and hopeless; so now at the close of the eighteenth century, strings of sounding titles were all that was left of the Empire which Charles had founded, and Frederick adorned, and Dante sung.

Another most ingenious part of Mr. Bryce's book is what, in the present edition, becomes the seventeenth chapter, where he shows the effect which, when the Empire had shrunk up within the limits of the German Kingdom, the Imperial theory had on the internal constitution of that Kingdom. Because the King of Germany, as being also Roman Emperor, was the first in dignity of all kings, he became, in point of power, the lowest of all kings. He became, what even the Kings of Poland did not become, the mere President of a League of States. Germany is the one Kingdom which gradually split up into a Confederation; it is the one Confederation which was formed by the separation, and not by the union, of its members. And Mr. Bryce shows very clearly how this process was strengthened and hastened by the fact that the German King was also Roman Emperor. The functions of the King and those of the Emperor got confounded. The local powers of the King got half forgotten in the œcuménical and international functions of the Emperor. The Emperor, Lord over all kingdoms, was immediate sovereign in his own kingdom only, and his Imperial position helped to deprive him of his immediate sovereignty even there. As the Empire gradually shrunk up within the limits of the German Kingdom, as other princes and nations repudiated the Imperial supremacy, when, in Mr. Bryce's words, "the Lord of the World found himself obeyed by none but his own people, he would not sink from being Lord of the World into a simple Teutonic King, but continued to play in the more contracted theatre the part which had belonged to him in the wider. Thus," he continues, "did Germany, instead of Europe, become the sphere of his international jurisdiction; and her Electors and Princes, originally mere vassals, no greater than a Count of Champagne in France or an Earl of Chester in England, stepped into the place which it had been meant that the several monarchs of Christendom should fill." Mr. Bryce carries out this parallel at some length, showing how, just as the Frankish Kings were chosen Emperors because they were the most powerful princes in Europe, so the Austrian Archdukes were chosen Kings (and thereby Emperors) because they were the most powerful princes in Germany.

The parallel may be carried one step further. Just as under Otto and his successors the Roman Empire was Teutonized, so now under the Hapsburg dynasty, from whose hands the sceptre departed only once thenceforth, the Teutonic Empire tends more and more to lose itself in an Austrian monarchy.

The Chapter on "the City of Rome during the Middle Ages" is wholly new, and is a valuable addition. Mr. Bryce has here profited in several places by the antiquarian knowledge of Mr. Parker, but, with evidently much less familiarity with detail, he shows a clearer insight into some points than his guide. For instance, Mr. Bryce accepts Mr. Parker's opinion that none of the campaniles of Rome are earlier than the twelfth century, but he sees instinctively that there is nothing in this belief inconsistent with their representing a much older type. Towers like Schaffhausen, Earls Barton, and St. Aventin are certainly not copied from anything of the twelfth century; the Roman towers are certainly not copied from them, and the resemblance is certainly not accidental. They are all relics of a common primitive style which we can well believe continued in use at Rome longer than elsewhere. The case is just the same as that of the Irish round towers, which, by the way, it is as well to remember that Lord Dunraven derives from the round towers at Ravenna. Some of them may be as late as Mr. Parker says that the Roman towers are, but the type is vastly older; the testimony of Giralduus proves it, besides the manifest probability of the case. Mr. Bryce's general remarks on the Roman City are very striking, especially on the fact, which to an historian of the Holy Roman Empire must be the most striking of all, that Rome, so rich in memorials of the old heathens and of the mediæval Popes, contains hardly any vestige at all of the mediæval Empire.

We will end with Mr. Bryce's portrait of Frederick the Second:—

Out of the long array of the Germanic successors of Charles, he is, with Otto III., the only one who comes before us with a genius and a name of

character that are not those of a Northern or a Teuton. There dwelt in him, it is true, all the energy and knightly valour of his father Henry and his grandfather Barbarossa. But along with these, and changing their direction, were other gifts, inherited perhaps from his Italian mother and fostered by his education among the orange-groves of Palermo—a love of luxury and beauty; an intellect refined, subtle, philosophical. Through the mist of calumny and fable it is but dimly that the truth of the man can be discerned, and the outlines that appear serve to quicken rather than appease the curiosity with which we regard one of the most extraordinary personages in history. A sensualist, yet also a warrior and a politician; a profound lawgiver and an impassioned poet; in his youth fired by crusading fervour, in later life persecuting heretics while himself accused of blasphemy and unbelief; of winning manners and ardently beloved by his followers, but with the stain of more than one cruel deed upon his name; he was the marvel of his own generation, and succeeding ages looked back with awe, not unmingled with pity, upon the inscrutable figure of the last Emperor who had braved all the terrors of the Church and died beneath her ban, the last who had ruled from the sands of the ocean to the shores of the Sicilian sea. But while they pitied they condemned. The undying hatred of the Papacy threw round his memory a lurid light; him and him alone of all the imperial line, Dante, the worshipper of the Empire, must perforce deliver to the flames of hell.

EPIGRAMS, ANCIENT AND MODERN.*

MR. BOOTH'S first collection of epigrams, published two or three years ago, to which we took some exception in point of taste, care, and completeness, has proved so far acceptable to the public that it has found a rapid and successful sale. This, indeed, is not to be ascribed to want of discrimination on the part of readers, for there was much that was pleasant and attractive in the volume. It rather bears witness to the popularity of the subject, and to the zest which is given to conversation or reading by the apt introduction of an epigram; and, as might have been expected, the book gave a fresh stimulus to the study of this branch of literature. Nor has the editor, meanwhile, failed to profit by criticism. Our thanks are due to him, at the outset, for recalling general attention to epigrams by editing the first volume pretending to the name of a collection, since the days of the Festoon, the Farrago, and the select (or rather unselect) collection in 1796 of Thomas Clio Rickman. For Greek Anthology Bland and Merivale had done much; George Burges had added something to their stores, and a more substantial accession of epigrammatic wealth borrowed from the Greek had been welcomed in the *Anthologia Polyglotta* of Dr. Wellesley and his conditors. For Latin epigrams, stray translators of Martial had done something, and Mr. H. G. Bohn performed one of his many services to literature in securing the judicious addition of the best of these to his prose translation of Martial. But there was no work embracing old and new, till Mr. Booth essayed to combine samples of both. His work appeared, and, though somewhat unsystematic, it met on the whole with kindly as well as learned criticism. It brought out fresh stores from writers in various literary journals, and was followed, at a later period, by long articles on the whole subject in the *Quarterly* and the *North British Reviews*. The publication of Major Macgregor's complete version of the Greek Anthology has also, fortunately for Mr. Booth, appeared in the interim. With these and other helps, such as that of the invaluable running commentary with which *Notes and Queries* accompany every current topic of literary interest, there has been no lack of opportunity for an editor, alive to the criticism of the day, to reconstruct his work in such a manner that it should distance its predecessor in point of value and interest.

Nor has Mr. Booth been unequal to the occasion. In form, in elegance, and in taste, the volume now before us far surpasses the earlier one. Instead of an inartistic division into humorous, moral, and monumental epigrams, we have the more useful and scholarly form of a chronological arrangement. The first group consists of the Greek and Latin classical epigrams; the second contains English specimens of the sixteenth, seventeenth, and eighteenth centuries. The third furnishes a fair supply from the stores of the modern Latinists, and the French, Spanish, Italian and German epigrammatists; and the fourth winds up with English authors of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries. We do not quite see why the eighteenth century figures in two sections, and why epigrams of Canning, Cowper and Porson should figure before and after Section III.; but, saving in this little point, the new arrangement is a vast improvement, and one that will greatly aid the systematic study of the subject. One of the least inviting features of the first edition, the collection of monumental epigrams, is judiciously omitted, to form perhaps another volume by itself at some future period; and the value of the present work is enhanced by a copious allowance of the charming trifles of Greek Anthology, and of those who come nearest to the Greek in taste and refinement, the Italo-Latin writers. It is true that French taste sets up another standard, and condemns the Greek model as insipid; and even among English critics, one or two may be found to depreciate it, as not developing the same stringency as to point with the modern and French school. Amidst the many criticisms called forth by the revival of epigram-literature, we noticed one which somewhat dogmatically laid down that the essence of an epigram, ancient or modern, was "antithesis," or "bilateral stroke;" the difficulty arising out of the non-appearance of this feature in many Greek epigrams (the erotic epigrams, for example) being escaped by the hypothesis that, had it not been for the unfortunate combustion of the Alexandrian Library, documents

would probably have existed to show that every Greek epigram had its "bilateral stroke." One grieves to think that the building was not saved, if so much undreamed-of wealth has perished with it; yet, as it is, we deem the theory somewhat untenable, unless, indeed, it resolves itself into the same assertion of "point," about which all are agreed. Point is defined as "that which pierces, cuts, penetrates, or stings"; and as there must be some object acted on by it, it is likely enough that the point, and that at which it points, will stand in more or less juxtaposition in most epigrams. To insist on *antithesis* beyond this is the act of one who should accept as the best sample of an epigram that one by Dr. Johnson which Mr. Booth quotes in page 107 of his new volume as "an epigram on epigrams":—

If the man who turnsip cries
Cry not when his father dies,
'Tis a proof that he would rather
Have a turnip for his father.

The truth probably lies in distinguishing ancient from modern requirements on the subject. Grace and refinement are most prominent in the Greek type and its imitators; whilst in the Latin epigrams of Martial, which the French and most moderns have taken as their standard, point—stinging point—has been the first consideration. Editors, however, have tried to comprehend all under one formula, as, for instance, where (at the beginning of this century) the epigram is defined as "a few lines on a given subject, humorous or grave, having an unexpected and happy turn to work up its climax"—a loose definition, it is true, but sound as far as it goes. Mr. Booth, in his new preface, has at some length discriminated between the Greek and the modern type, and, by his new mode of arrangement, has done something, we trust, towards making the distinction more plain for the future.

We need not do more than glance at the specimens from the Greek furnished in this volume, because Major Macgregor's book, of which Mr. Booth has made copious use, was fully noticed by us some months ago. But there is ground for rejoicing that new hands have not superseded the old, and that Bland, Merivale, and Dr. Wellesley are held worthy of equal presentment in the ancient section. Bland's version of the epigram of Leonidas of Tarentum on "Home, sweet home," is so true to nature in every age and clime that, if left out, it would have been missed; as also would such lively jeux d'esprit as Dr. Wellesley's translations from Palladas and Lucilius:—

One dinner's thought enough; but when I've dined with Salaminus
I dine again at home, or else I find that I am "minus."

and—

Eutychides was no swift runner; true!
But as a diner-out you'd say, he flew.

These specimens certainly suggest to English readers the emptiness of the cry that Greek epigrams are insipid. In this portion of the work, as indeed throughout, the editor has conferred a boon on classical readers by having given, to the best of his power, the name of the author of each epigram, and, where it was possible, the correct references. Readers can thus compare the original with its several versions, and are enabled to form a judgment for themselves upon plain and accessible data. Sometimes, of course, this method assists us to differ with Mr. Booth in his preferences, but far oftener it leads us to approve his choice. Thus he quotes Sir Charles Sedley's version of Martial's pretty epigram (i. 13):—

Casto suo gladium quum traderet Arria Pato,
Quem de visceribus traxerat ipsa suis,
Si qua fides, vulnus quod feci non dolet, inquit,
Sed quod tu facies, hoc mihi, Pate, dolet.

Sir C. Sedley's version, as Mr. Booth reminds us, is highly praised in the *Tatler*, but for force, brevity, and truth we confess we prefer that of James Harris, in Dodsley's collection of poems by various hands.—Vol. V. p. 306. In Sedley's

When Arria to her Patus gave the steel
Which from her bleeding side did newly part,
"For mine own wound," she said, "no pain I feel,
And yet thy wound will stab me to the heart,"

the last verse exaggerates the force of the original, while this of Harris is simplicity itself:—

When Arria from her wounded side
To Patus gave the reeking steel,
I feel not what I've done, she cried,
What Patus is to do, I feel!

But, comparing the Latin text with various English versions, we are convinced that in most instances Mr. Booth has made the wisest selection—taking, as seems to him best, now a good specimen of the seldom presentable Scott, and now a graceful relic of the ever neat Sir John Harrington. Some of the best, however, are still referred to that mysterious and unsatisfactory "Anon." the "man in the moon" of poetical collections. To him this version is ascribed of Martial, i. 76:—

Lend Sponge a guinea! Ned, you'd best refuse,
And give him half. Sure that's enough to lose.—P. 22.

This epigram, by the way, figures again in p. 222 as an original English production. The changes upon it have been often rung in our epigram-literature.

The most novel feature in the volume before us is probably its third section, embracing a branch of epigram-writing neglected of late years, but not unknown to Pope and his contemporaries. A resumption of the study of these—and they are worth the trouble—will probably bring to light the germs of many a beautiful thought in English writers to whom the Italo-Latin poetry was familiar. There are many flowers worth gathering in Amaltheus, Alciati,

* *Epigrams, Ancient and Modern*. Edited by the Rev. John Booth, B.A. London: Longmans & Co. 1865.

Sannazaro and Bellay, and Mr. Booth has, we hope, only begun the work of culling them. Besides many extracted from the *Quarterly Review* of January 1865, he has collected a number very well turned by Lord Neaves, and one or two neat translations bearing the name of R. Simpson. One of these last, from Paschasius, will serve as a specimen:—

Omnia pauperibus moriens dedit Harpalus, hæres
Ut se non fictas exprimat in lacrimas.
Harpalus dying leaves the poor his all,
That from his heirs unfeigned tears may fall.—R.S.

Sannazaro's epigram on Venice (p. 149), deserved a better translation. The rhymes would hardly have won the gold which rewarded the original, had an English literary jury been impanelled to pronounce on them. Wright's *Delitiae Delitiarum*, a sturdy duodecimo that may be met with at many old bookstalls, would yield many yet unnoticed gems of this kind of poetry. It would illustrate too the way in which Owen and others occasionally helped themselves to these earlier Latinists. The original of the well-known epigram of Owen, which is translated in p. 167 of Mr. Booth's new volume, is an eight-line epigram by G. Sabinus, a contemporary of Cardinal Bembo, which may be thus rendered:—

A priest one day accompanied a thief
To where the gallows makes rogues' penance brief.
"Grieve not, but only have thou faith," said he,
"That soon with angels thou heaven's guest shalt be."
Groaning, he answer'd, "If thy text is true,
Pray let me send a substitute in you!"
"Nay," cried the priest, "I needs must say thee nay!
This is to me no feast—but—fasting day."

The best French epigrams in the book are De Cailly's on Dacier and Madame Dacier, and on the lawyer Tiragueau and his wife (192-3). But as they are less quotable than readable, we prefer giving Piron's mock epitaph on himself, in revenge for his exclusion from the Academy (p. 196):—

Ci gît Piron, qui ne fut rien :
Pas même Académicien.
"Here lies Piron, a man of no position,
Who was not even—an Academician."

Of English epigrams there is a liberal and judicious supply in Mr. Booth's pages. One meets here the old stock epigrams, which turn up as old favourites, and, what is better, one meets them set in order and attributed, wherever it is feasible, to their proper authors. The excellent epigram "On the Stage of Life," beginning, "Our life's a journey on a winter's day" (p. 59), is here ascribed to T. Brown, the Tom Brown of William the Third's day, whose name is usually coupled with Tom D'Urfey's. This ownerless one on Death may be new to some readers:—

On death, though wit is oft display'd,
No epigram could e'er be made.
Poets stop short, and lose their breath
When coming to the point of death. (p. 121).

Most of our poets are represented in Mr. Booth's volume, and for the most part are credited with their lawful progeny. Whether Lord Nugent ought to have the praise of "I loved thee beautiful and kind," &c. (p. 267) may admit of question, inasmuch as Doddsley (ii. 243) attributes it to Gilbert West. An anonymous version is given of Warton's graceful Latin epigram on sleep; but it might have been kind to the much and deservedly abused lampooner, Dr. Wolcot, to give his, which is not inferior:—

Come, gentle sleep, attend thy votary's prayer,
And, though death's image, to my couch repair.
How sweet, though lifeless, yet with life to lie,
And without dying, oh, how sweet to die!

The mention of Peter Pindar reminds us that, in reviewing Mr. Booth's former volume, we expressed a strong opinion against such scurrilous epigrams as had nothing but rude personality to give them point, and, amongst them, against one "On the Death of Lady Mount Edgecombe's favourite Pig." This, which was then given without its author's name, reappears traced to Dr. Wolcot, and this establishment of its ownership may serve to justify our hostility to so graceless a production. But of such epigrams there is, speaking generally, a creditable absence in the present edition.

The clever epigram on the preacher of Hare's Sermons—

Ne lepores vendas alienos : prome leporem
Nativum : melior syllaba longa brevi—

has been attempted by two (we suspect) amateur translators (see p. 318-9). The last is best; but both are utter failures, as might have been expected when the epigram is from its very nature untranslatable. As well might one try to English this, from Bernard Bauhusius, "De amente et amante," in Wright's *Delitiae Delitiarum*, p. 198:—

Dicite cur longa est amentis syllaba prima,
Insano contra cur in amore brevis?
Sic credo : furor est amenti par et amanti;
Sed furor est illi longus, et huic brevis est.

Before quitting the subject of this vastly improved, and now really useful, handbook to epigrams, we deem it right to make a present to Mr. Booth of a table of errata. In epigram 9 (p. 85), the fourth verse is halt, because "your" is omitted before "distress." In p. 142, Dr. Balguy, a not unknown divine, figures as Dr. Belguy. The epigram from More, "On the Red and White Rose blended," requires the ninth verse to be read, "Let then who'er loved either rose alone," for, as it stands in the text, it is nonsense (p. 164). In p. 297 an hexameter anent Lord Exmouth fails to scan, because Cæsar is read instead of "Cesare"; and in p. 302, as also in the index, the Editor of *Winged Words* on

Chantrey's Woodcocks, who is lay Professor of Civil Law at Edinburgh, will find himself to his astonishment dubbed *The Rev.* James Patrick Muirhead.

HISTORY OF FRANCE UNDER THE BOURBONS.*

THE first two volumes of Mr. Yonge's *History of France under the Bourbons* are now before us, and carry the work down to the death of Louis XIV. in 1715. The first volume opens with an introductory review of French affairs under the last three Kings of the House of Valois. It would be difficult, in the history of any people, to find a period of equal length so full of present evil and so barren of promise for the future. Francis II., Charles IX., and Henry III. were alike under the influence of their mother; and for thirty years Catherine de' Medici wrought the long crime beside which the private infamy or domestic treasons of the worst women in history are scarcely more than indiscretions, while she worked the malignant poison of an intolerant spirit deep into the whole system of the country. Unfortunately, some previous knowledge of the state of things which Henry IV. found existing at his accession is a condition of comprehending his reign; and Mr. Yonge's readers should be grateful to him for having compressed the unattractive subject into forty-seven pages. No one who has attempted to trace the history of the Catholic League through the pages of D'Anquetil will be likely to underrate the value of such an epitome as Mr. Yonge's. At the risk, however, of appearing too exacting, we must say that this introductory chapter does not seem to us to be all that such a chapter should be. The author's mastery of detail is as thorough here as elsewhere, and the tone of his judgments is always moderate and sensible; but we miss that faculty by which the essential features of a sketch are brought into clear and significant relief. There is a notable difference, much to be remembered in compendious writing, between a concise inventory and a good analysis. The historian may trace in a single chapter the history of France from 1559 to 1589; he may give their due place to the treaties of Longjumeau and Bergerac, to the battles of Jarnac and Coutras, to the bold strokes of Condé and the manœuvres of Guise. But it does not necessarily follow that he will leave on the reader's mind a distinct impression on the general question—What was the position of French Huguenots with regard to French Catholics at the accession of Henri le Grand? In other words, his epitome may be a judicious catalogue of the principal facts, but may fail to show that power of distilling their essence which is the mark of a consummate analysis. We have dwelt upon this distinction as affecting the merits of Mr. Yonge's introductory chapter, because the principle involved is one which influences our estimate of his whole work as far as it has gone at present. The fault which we have ventured to find with the preliminary sketch is virtually the same which strikes us in the fully developed history of the first three Bourbon reigns. The author shows careful study of his subject at each successive step, but he does not appear to us to give proof of having grasped it as a whole. There are two ways in which the essayist or the historian may set about his work—methods differing much in the degree of initial effort which they demand, but differing no less in the value of the results which they obtain. The first way, more laborious at the outset, but easier and incomparably better in the end, is to master the subject before beginning to write. To do this thoroughly implies not only patient industry, but a power of concentrated effort which by no means all hardworkers possess; to do it in a certain degree is possible for every one, and is ultimately as essential to the comfort of the writer as to the profit of his readers. A portrait-painter does not begin to work until he has seized the idea of the face which he is to draw, and has made sure of the total conception which is to be constantly present to his imagination, controlling and blending into harmony his interpretation of the separate features. In the same manner, if the intending writer's mind has first been saturated with his subject, if he has begun by the effort to fuse the entire mass of his materials into a systematized and organic whole, he is rewarded by finding, when he begins to write, that each part of his subject receives illustration and significance from the rest. Theories formed in the earlier part of the work stand in no danger of being upset by the unforeseen evidence of later research. There is no risk that a style of treatment adapted for one period may prove too minute or too meagre for another. The book is secured against those blemishes, as distressing in literature as in art, which arise from defective unity of tone. Above all, that result is ensured for which, far more than for a compact muster of facts, we look to the student of a particular period—a portrait not merely correct in detail, but lifelike in the faithful eloquence of its pervading expression. It may, however, happen to a person who has selected his subject that the labour of comprehensive preparation repels and disheartens him. He is, of course, already acquainted in outline with the region to be explored; he believes that the general impressions previously acquired will suffice to give him his bearings at starting; he has perhaps an uneasy feeling that, if a long course of study is to be gone through before pen is put to paper, he may end by never writing at all. Anxious to feel that he has begun, he murmurs "*Quod bene verat*," and plunges into composition. Unfortunately, no subsequent diligence at each successive stage of the work can atone for the radical error of method. A man in a new

* *History of France under the Bourbons.* By C. D. Yonge. London: Tinsley Brothers. 1866.

neighbourhood may be indefatigable in threading its lanes and byways; but if he should attempt to trace a map as he goes along, he will be at a disadvantage compared with the explorer who has taken the trouble of climbing the nearest hill, and who has made his survey with the whole landscape at once present to his eye.

In offering these remarks, we must not be understood as presuming to decide which of these two methods Mr. Yonge actually employed. We have no doubt whatever that the popular and experienced historian of the British Navy is fully alive to the obvious advantage of comprehensive preparation for a literary task. We may, however, be allowed to say that the gravest defect in the two volumes now before us is precisely that defect which is usually the characteristic result of piecemeal study. Reading the book through connectedly, we become conscious of something wavering and uncertain in the handling of the subject, strongly (perhaps unfairly) suggestive of the impression that the author was forming his opinions as he went along, and did not always quite know what was going to happen next. In illustration of our meaning, we will cite Mr. Yonge's remarks on the policy and character of Richelieu. After noticing Richelieu's introduction to official life as Secretary of State in 1616, Mr. Yonge proceeds to speak by anticipation of the objects aimed at by the Minister in his subsequent career. These objects were mainly two—the aggrandizement of France at the expense of Austria, and the conversion of the French monarchy into an absolute despotism. With reference to the second of these purposes, Mr. Yonge observes:—

We must remember that, despotism as Richelieu wished to render the King, it was for the sake of the happiness of the people at large that he cherished that wish. The power with which he desired to invest him, though unrestrained by his subjects, was to have other restraints—those of religion, of learning, of public spirit. If the King in the fulness of his sovereignty was to resemble God, like God he was to exercise it only for the protection and guidance, for the welfare, moral and substantial, of his people; while the very greatness and completeness of his power would, in the somewhat Utopian fancy of his Minister, exempt him from the ordinary errors, whether proceeding from vice or weakness, of other mortals.

Compare with this passage the following extract from Mr. Yonge's review of Richelieu's character:—

It must be added, on the other hand, as a drawback to his success in these objects [the two named above], that they were purchased at the cost of the material prosperity of the people, which diminished in at least as great a degree as the military resources of the nation increased. The comparative comfort to which Sully's administration had raised the labouring classes disappeared under the financial difficulties produced by war. To the burden of taxation were added the horrors of military license in those provinces which were the quarters of the different armies; and the misery which drove the Norman peasants into insurrection was but a sample of that which prevailed throughout the greater part of the kingdom. And though we must admire steadfastness of purpose, unshrinking courage, diplomatic skill, and comprehensive political foresight, and general force of character, and must admit that such qualities go far to prove their possessor a statesman of the first rank, we must equally pronounce that, however great in these respects Richelieu may have been, his deliberate neglect of the first duty of all, a care for the happiness of the people placed under his authority, forbids us to give him the title of a wise and good minister.

A comparison of these passages would appear to show that between pages 229 and 363 our author's sentiments with regard to Richelieu had passed through the same phases as they might have passed through if Mr. Yonge had been a singularly amiable contemporary of the clever Cardinal's. When Richelieu becomes Secretary at thirty-one, Mr. Yonge is charitably ready to hope and believe all things of the rising young man; but when, twenty-six years later, it is necessary to pronounce the epitaph of the great Prime Minister, these illusions no longer exist. Mr. Yonge now knows that, when the Thirty Years' War had already lasted seventeen years, "its continuance for thirteen years more was owing solely to the wantonness of Richelieu's ambition" (p. 322). At page 229, when Mr. Yonge and the Cardinal were in the spring-time of life, a generous credulity could dictate this sentence:—

It is clear, too, that Richelieu was not labouring for himself; and it is no small praise to him, in an age when the basest self-seeking was the general characteristic, to have conceived and persevered in and carried out a policy which at least was not selfish.

It is painful to find, at p. 329, when some twenty years have passed over the heads of Mr. Yonge and Richelieu, that the latter has become capable of the basest selfishness, and that the former has been cruelly disenchanted. It is in 1637. Two years of the war against the Empire have drained the French Exchequer. In these difficulties, Richelieu had in the first instance applied to the alchemist Boismailli, who had just discovered the philosopher's stone:—

He tried other methods, which were more successful, but which, if less ridiculous, were hardly less criminal. He turned numbers of public servants out of offices which they had purchased for life, and resold them. He practically repudiated portions of the public debt, seizing the money appropriated for the payment of the dividends. He persuaded provinces to purchase for large sums an exemption from having troops quartered on them; and as soon as he had got the money, he sent the soldiers among them to live at free quarters, and to pillage the population still further. And thus, by every contrivance of ingenuity and bad faith combined, he managed to keep up the armies nearest the German and Flemish frontiers in a state of comparative efficiency.

He himself had no share in the privations which were becoming general. He had by this time amassed an enormous fortune, of which he was spending portions with the most insolent ostentation, and portions with princely liberality and judgment. He built a palace for himself which outshone in extent and magnificence every edifice which at that time belonged to any potentate in Europe; then known as the Palais Cardinal, but since his day as the Palais Royal.

We have no desire to lay exaggerated stress on discrepancies

which may possibly admit of explanation, though we cannot say that we see our way to reconciling them in a perfectly satisfactory manner. But we submit that it is no unreasonable inference, from the quotations just given, that Mr. Yonge had not very distinctly made up his mind what he was going to say about Richelieu when he began to write about him, and that he had to modify his earlier judgments to suit facts which presented themselves further on. And this seems to us to be just what is meant when it is said that a man began to write before he had thoroughly grasped his subject; and we should point to these traces of indecision, these symptoms of an uncertain hold on the subject in its fullest compass, as the most important deductions to be made from the praise which Mr. Yonge has well earned. It does no slight credit to Mr. Yonge's powers as an historian that his real strength is never seen to better advantage than when he has occasion to pass judgment on some prominent actor who has made his final exit. Here, with all the data already familiar to him, he is in a position to take a really commanding survey, and he proves that he can do so with excellent discretion. The character of Henri le Grand, in particular, is reviewed with admirable discernment, in by far the best critique on that much bepraised King that we remember to have met with:—

In estimating the merits or demerits of kings, it seems natural to look at them solely as kings; solely, that is, in their public character. And for no one is this custom more fortunate than for Henry IV., since, if we were to take his private character also into calculation, there are very few sovereigns more deserving of general reprobation. Even after all possible allowance is made for the temptations of monarchs, he must be pronounced without excuse. Compared with his open and varied prodigality, his grandson Louis was decorous, his grandson Charles pure; while neither Louis nor Charles, nor any debauchee since the days of the Roman Emperors, ever sought success in their gallantries by acts of such flagrant tyranny as the Duke de Bellegarde and the Prince de Condé both experienced from Henry. . . . His whole military career shows that to the praise of any high strategic or tactical science he had no claim whatever. Of the generals to whom he was at various times opposed, he was clearly inferior, not only to the great Duke of Parma, but to Fuentes, and at times to Mayenne. . . . It is rather as a statesman, and still more as a ruler of men, that he fairly justifies those who still call him the great Henry. And in these two points of view it is hardly possible to overrate his merits. In them he was, in every sense of the word, a magnanimous prince. Large-minded in his views of general policy, sagacious in his choice of the measures by which he proposed to carry them out, penetrating in his judgment of other men, both of those on whose assistance or service he relied, and of those whose opposition he had to encounter. . . . At all times, in every act and passage of his public life, he was animated with a sincere unchanging patriotism.

Remembering Sully's plaintive reflection, in his *Mémoires*, that the 1,200,000 crowns which Henry spent annually on his mistresses, his play, and his hunting would have kept on foot an army of 15,000 infantry, we might perhaps grudge unqualified praise for patriotism to so extravagant a king of so very poor a country. But, on the whole, Mr. Yonge's estimate of Henry IV.'s character is an exceptionally good piece of criticism. It is by no means the only good passage of the kind in these volumes, which we can cordially recommend to those who wish for a careful history of the first three Bourbon sovereigns. If that dismal spectre, the Dignity of History, sometimes throws her bleak shadow rather too far over Mr. Yonge's pages, he can well afford to dispense with such readers as that dreaded apparition may repel.

A LIFE OF ADVENTURE.*

FEW people have travelled long without meeting anomalous characters who appear to be drifting, like seaweed, upon the surface of society, and never taking root. Whence they come and whither they are going, what can be their purpose in life, and, above all, from what sources they derive their funds, are profoundly insoluble questions. Such stray mortals, pegs of such an irregular shape that neither the round nor the square holes of the world will fit them, are to be found in all quarters of the globe, but the region where they abound in the greatest plenty and perfection is the Australian diggings. In that strange congregation of men from all the ends of the earth, the trail which connects any man with his civilized relations is easily cut off. The only other society which can bear comparison with it is to be found in those "foreign legions" which have the special advantage of promising to dispose satisfactorily of part at least of the nomad population which has drained into them. There is some interest in reading for once a description of a member of this society by his own hand. For the most part, literary exertion is not congenial to their habits, and we have to trust to purely external observation for our acquaintance with them. Mr. Stamer, however, who appears to be a very excellent specimen of the variety, has treated us to a couple of volumes of personal and apparently lifelike sketches. The name by which he chooses to describe his class is "Bohemian," and the ideal of character which he considers most suited to it is indicated by his self-imposed nickname "Mark Tapley." A more offensive prig than the original Mark Tapley, as described by Mr. Dickens, probably never existed. Of all the topics for self-adulation which a man could possibly select, that of being invariably jolly appears to us to be the most tiresome. Mr. Stamer, however, probably means the parallel to be only accurate up to the point that both he and his prototype have gone through a great many vicissitudes, and have borne them with good temper. We can only admit the truth of these claims upon our respect with certain qualifications.

* *Recollections of a Life of Adventure.* By William Stamer ("Mark Tapley, jun."). 2 vols. London: Hurst & Blackett. 1866.

In the first place, notwithstanding all the vicissitudes to which Mr. Stamer voluntarily subjects himself, he is never in a state of absolute impecuniosity; he is always able, after doing the most foolish actions, to buy himself off for a trifle; he reminds us rather of the amateur casual than of the genuine article. And, secondly, the good temper of which Mr. Stamer boasts does not make itself very conspicuous in his pages; he has tried, as we shall presently see, a good many positions in life, and comes back heartily abusing nearly every station in which it has pleased Providence to place him. This propensity is perhaps explained by a common peculiarity of Bohemians. A man generally becomes a Bohemian by being transferred from one very narrow and small-minded circle to another different but not materially better circle. He is rarely a genuine cosmopolitan who is able to look down upon petty national prejudices. One prejudice in his mind only vanishes when it is displaced by another; he engrafs upon a cockney substratum the equally narrow tastes of New York, Paris, or Ballarat; and the result is that, whilst he learns the absurdity of some of his youthful notions, he never rises to a point of view from which a really fair judgment can be formed. Thus there is no subject upon which the Bohemian is more universally eloquent than the dispraises of Exeter Hall. He has generally been, as a boy, brought up after the strictest sect of the Pharisees, and has found abroad very good reasons for objecting to some of the Pharisaic discipline. We have no particular affection for the creed or the manners of Exeter Hall, but when we see it assailed by coarse taunts about hypocrisy and humbug, we cannot help asking whether the assailant has any right to his tone of superiority. The education received at the diggings, or even in the *Quartier Latin*, may rub off a man's religious prejudices without necessarily making him materially wiser or better. Besides Mr. Stamer's vulgarities about missionaries and "white-choked gentry" in general, he abuses very heartily the English public schools, whose masters, it appears, are "canting humbugs"; the English merchant navy, in which he wonders that a single able-bodied seaman remains; and the English army, of which he says that "the life of a private in even the lowest French regiment is infinitely more desirable than that of a non-commissioned officer in an English regiment of light cavalry." He abuses the French service, however, with almost equal energy; he declaims in terms which he could, he tells us, justify from his own experience, about the immoralities of French society in general; he attacks the Australian colonies with something like personal ill-will; and, in short, the only country against which he finds little or no complaint to make is the United States. We presume, however, that he saw some faults in the Yankee character, notwithstanding the respect with which he generally treats it, as he joined, or made a feeble attempt to join, the Southern army. His disgust for the other countries and institutions mentioned explains, if it is not rather explained by, the fact that after a short trial of each he thought fit, for different reasons, to terminate his experience with singular rapidity.

A short sketch of Mr. Stamer's life as recounted in these volumes will best show the nature of his experiences, and give some measure of the value of his judgment. Mr. Stamer, after leaving the care of the "canting humbugs" above-mentioned, went into private training under "a perfect gentleman"; after eight years of school, however, he "could stand it no longer," and accordingly, "having made up his mind to throw his prospects to the devil," went to Liverpool and embarked in an emigrant ship for Boston. Here he arrived without money, but luckily found a policeman who treated him like a good Samaritan and promised to find him employment. Mr. Stamer, however, objected—foolishly, as he confesses—to receiving assistance from an inferior, and therefore shipped as a common seaman on board a whaling barque. Here he quarrelled with the mate, who it seems was a great brute, and was consequently put on shore, with four dollars and one suit of clothes stained with turpentine, at the island of Curaçoa. He worked his way home in a Liverpool brig, and apparently returned to civilization. He held a commission, it seems, for some time in a line regiment, but got tired of it, and went out on a sporting expedition to America. The Crimean war breaking out, Mr. Stamer made another false start of a singularly absurd kind. Having been refused a commission in the English army, he immediately went to Paris and proposed to enlist in the French Foreign Legion. The General to whom he applied told him not to be "such a consummate ass." Mr. Stamer, however, was as "stubborn as a mule," and the General let him go, judiciously promising to help to procure his discharge as soon as he was tired of it. Accordingly, on the very day upon which he enlisted, he thought better of it, and wrote off at once to his friends. Considerable delay occurred, and Mr. Stamer was sent with the regiment to Corsica, and was within an inch of being forwarded to the Crimea also, when he succeeded in procuring a substitute. His career in Parisian society, of which he says that he could tell us awful stories "were it not against our ideas of morality even to hint at such things," was cut short by financial difficulties. Soon afterwards apparently, for the chronology is exceedingly vague, Mr. Stamer made his trip to Australia, where he tried various amusements. He endeavoured to shear a sheep, and succeeded in covering it with ugly wounds. He hunted a kangaroo, was lost in the bush in consequence, and all but perished. He one day met a "drunken and lying old reprobate" engaged in horsebreaking, who "before half an hour was over extracted a promise that I would act as his vice during the time he remained on the station"; whereupon Mr. Stamer became "an unpaid *attaché* to the worthy horsebreaker," although,

as he frankly informs us, he was quite unable to act as an efficient rough-rider. Soon afterwards, having bought "some half-dozen screaming cockatoos," he returned to England; refusing, however, to take a passage in any of the best ships, he "must needs make the return voyage in a little vessel of something less than one hundred and fifty tons burden, which was unfortunately for sale at the moment." He luckily succeeded in reaching home safely, after a dangerous voyage of extreme discomfort. On the outbreak of the Indian mutiny, it struck Mr. Stamer that he might as well become a light dragoon, with a view, he says, of developing into a Murat. After taking the shilling, his ardour cooled down, and had it not been that he "had gone too far to recede," he would "certainly have backed out at the eleventh hour." As it was, he bore the miseries of the Canterbury barracks for eight months, and then left them, denouncing everything connected with the service, talking of the "addle pates" of English officers, declaring that "English soldiers are the most unsatisfactory lot of men to have any dealings with that could be found were one to search the world over," and, in fact, preferring any and every condition to a place in the British army. Mr. Stamer's last performance was perhaps the most abortive of all. He resolved to join the Confederate army, and got as far as Richmond without difficulty, where he meant to ask for a commission, and stated to his friends the certainty that England would form an offensive and defensive alliance with them. Suddenly he found that his money was running short, and that no more was coming—not, one would have thought, a very incalculable event. He was always too delicate to borrow money, he had a great respect for the Queen's proclamation, and on the whole he concluded to go back to New York. He got there with great difficulty, having to sell his meerschaum pipe for six dollars by the way; a friend who there received him very hospitably induced him, by argument and judicious glasses of brandy, to give up his project and return to England; so that on this occasion Mr. Stamer did not even get so far as was usually the case in his enterprises. Probably his experience in the French and English armies had rather damped his military zeal on this occasion; he was content to come, to look, and to run away, without even taking the plunge for ever so short a period.

The whole narrative gives one a vivid picture of the singular incapacity for ever sticking to anything which seems to be the fundamental characteristic of the true Bohemian. Mr. Stamer flutters like a butterfly from France to the United States, and from the United States to Australia, without ever deliberately settling anywhere. He appears to have some resources to fall back upon which save him from the common fate of prodigal sons, and to this we owe the description of the class as seen by one of themselves. If he had had a little more decision or a little more reserve, he would hardly have come back to tell us the story of his adventures. The unconscious exhibition of character is not unamusing, but the adventures are disappointing from Mr. Stamer's cautious habit of drawing back at the first scene of the first act. The best part of the book is one to which we have not referred—some lively descriptions of the Adirondack region in the State of New York, at which it might be worth while for travellers of sporting tendencies to glance.

DE TOCQUEVILLE ON NEGRO EMANCIPATION.*

IN the preface to the first volume of the collected edition of his friend's works, M. de Beaumont speaks of the eagerness with which M. de Tocqueville availed himself of the opportunity afforded by his election to the Chamber of Deputies to promote the practical application of the theories which he had defended in his writings. It was a fortunate chance, therefore, for the author of *La Démocratie en Amérique* that the abolition of slavery in the French colonies should have been one of the first questions which presented themselves for discussion at his entrance upon Parliamentary life. He was entrusted, by the Committee to which the Chamber referred the proposition, with the preparation of its Report; and in addition to the very full examination of the whole policy of emancipation contained in this document, he wrote a series of articles upon the subject, which appeared in the *Sicéle* during the year 1843. Upon two other occasions he discharged a similar office in the Chamber, in connection, first, with the question of Prison reform, and afterwards with that of the French colonization of Algeria; and a reprint of these three Reports constitutes the most important portion of this, the ninth and last, volume of his works.

The Report on Slavery has an especial interest just now. It deals mainly with the question whether abolition should be effected immediately, or delayed until the negroes have been gradually prepared for freedom. Recent events in the United States have brought into prominent relief the difficulties and mischiefs attendant upon the former course. We hear by every mail of the sufferings which it inflicts upon the coloured race, and of the political and social confusion in which it involves the white population; and, seeing in this way one side of the picture, we are apt to forget how great were the evils apparently inseparable from the alternative proposition. In M. de Tocqueville's essay we have this latter view of the subject stated with all the clearness, and illustrated with all the knowledge, of one of the justest and most accomplished thinkers of modern times; and the appear-

* *Études Économiques, Politiques et Littéraires.* Par Alexis de Tocqueville. Paris: Lévy Frères. 1866.

ance of this volume serves therefore very opportunely to remind us that, mistaken as we may think the policy of the American Government, there were, *à priori*, at least as strong arguments to be urged against any more gradual method of dealing with this most difficult problem. M. de Tocqueville does not deny the unfitness of the negro for liberty. We are told, he says, by those who wish to postpone emancipation, that the negro is dissolute, idle, and careless of the future; that in more than one respect he resembles a depraved child rather than a grown man; that he lives in almost promiscuous concubinage; that he is unacquainted with the truths of Christianity, while of the morality of the Gospel he knows little else than the name. It is all true. He is a slave, and he has all the vices engendered by slavery; but if these vices are something inherent in his present condition, how he is to shake himself free of them unless that condition be altered? To postpone emancipation until the slave has acquired the opinions, the habits, and the morals of a freeman is to postpone it for ever. M. de Tocqueville then examines one by one the points on which it is said that the standard of negro morality ought to be raised before abolition is attempted, and applies this general reasoning to each of them. The slave has no inducement to marry, since marriage does not give him any control over his wife or any property in his children. He knows neither the duties nor the rights, neither the hopes nor the anxieties, of a free parent. While he is subject to a master his reasoning faculties are for the most part useless, if not positively injurious, to him. He works with no hope of reward, and therefore he works no harder than will just enable him to avoid punishment. He is careless about his future, because he knows that it is absolutely in his master's hands. And further, since all these defects are necessary characteristics of slavery, it follows that "the particular means of which the legislator or the master may avail himself in order to excite the slave to do what he at the same time prevents him from wishing to do will always be useless." Even religion can effect little for slaves in the gross, since its ministers will either be distrusted by the slaveowner as likely to make his negroes discontented, and consequently hindered from mixing with them, or else they will be patronized by him, and so regarded by the slave as a kind of additional overseer. "In the first case the negroes have not the opportunity, in the second they have not the will, to be instructed." It may be objected perhaps to this last argument that it contradicts the experience of the first preachers of Christianity. But the early slave-converts were only individual instances here and here, and the Church under the Pagan Empire had no temptation to be on the side of the master. She appeared to the slave simply as a consoler under inevitable suffering, and as holding out future happiness as the reward of patience under the yoke of his heathen persecutor. Thus, at any rate, religion had to contend only with the first of the two difficulties which M. de Tocqueville mentions. From the second she was exempt till the Empire became Christian, and from that time the whole drift of ecclesiastical action set more or less against slavery altogether.

Convinced, probably, by M. de Tocqueville's reasoning, the Commission unanimously recommended immediate in preference to deferred emancipation. M. de Tocqueville next addresses himself to the question whether emancipation should be gradual or simultaneous, and decides in favour of the latter plan. He points out that, when the Government sets a slave population free by the direct and visible action of its own will, it can make what terms it likes. It confers new rights, and it can impose new obligations in return for what it has conferred. And a complete and universal change in the whole social order gives an opportunity for the unopposed introduction of new maxims of government and police, the creation of new functionaries, and the enactment of new laws. If, on the other hand, the slaves are set free by detachments, the real character of the society is gradually changed without its external aspect undergoing any corresponding alteration. The freedmen will continue to form a separate class, to be provided for by exceptional legislation, while the common law of the community will remain substantially what it was. This will necessarily result in the creation of an antagonism between law and fact. The condition of a slave society differs from the condition of a free society principally in the narrower limitations imposed upon the action of the State. For most purposes the master stands in the place of the magistrate. There is no need of a vagrancy law, since the labourer is kept in one place and compelled to work; nor of a poor law, since the maintenance of the old, the young, and the sick constitutes a charge upon their respective owners. Consequently, the legislation of a community in which slavery exists "has not foreseen the existence of a large number of men who are at once free, poor, and depraved. It has made no preparations either to supply their wants, to repress their disorders, or to correct their vices;" and if such an element is to be introduced into the community it had better be done with sufficient suddenness to ensure that the change shall be recognised, appreciated, and met. And, in addition to all this, M. de Tocqueville argues that a system of gradual emancipation is, more than any other, calculated to make the emancipated slave idle, since it prolongs the confusion of the idea of work with that of slavery, already inherent in his mind, by associating the two before his eyes in the persons of his unemancipated companions. Again, every conceivable way of carrying out a scheme of gradual emancipation is surrounded with insuperable difficulties. If the selection of the persons to be set free is left to the master, he will

naturally choose either the old and valueless portion of his slaves, or else be guided by probably dishonourable caprice. Either way, the least moral and least useful part of the black population will become free, while the most respectable and laborious portion remains in slavery. If the contrary principle be adopted, and the slave allowed to work out his freedom for a fixed sum, we get a different but not less unsatisfactory result. The strongest, the youngest, the most industrious of the slaves secure their freedom; the master is left dependent on the weak, the old, and the idle; and slave labour will cease to be productive without a system of free labour having been organized in place of it. A third plan would be, to leave the present generation in slavery, and declare all the children free. But to this, besides the objection already mentioned of connecting work and slavery in the minds of the enfranchised blacks, there is the further objection that, by treating the child as free while the mother remains in slavery, you invert their relative position, and thus destroy the only family tie which slavery has left existing.

In a later part of the Report M. de Tocqueville investigates the causes, so far as at that early period (1839) they could yet be ascertained, of the disastrous effects of emancipation in Jamaica as compared with the other colonies of Great Britain in the West Indies. Jamaica had two disadvantages to contend with—one, which she shared with Guiana and Trinidad, the facility with which the negroes could support themselves in idleness; the other, peculiar to herself, the immense cost of sugar cultivation, owing to the exhaustion of the soil and the deficiency of means of carriage. There was a difficulty therefore, at the very outset, in fixing the rate of wages; and when the parties to the negotiation were, on the one side, newly liberated slaves, and, on the other, the masters against whose will the slaves had been freed, it is not wonderful that a question which has proved so complicated between masters and workmen of the same race and colour should be found insoluble when distinctions in both these respects formed an additional hindrance to a settlement. The planter offered too little, the negro asked too much, and as "the two were not only opposed in interest, but also secretly hostile to one another, it was almost impossible that they should ever come to any understanding." Even this, however, was not all. In almost every case the cabin in which the negro had lived, and the garden of which he had had the use, during the days of slavery, were secured to him after emancipation. He was thus in effect converted into a peasant proprietor; and, as M. de Tocqueville points out, in every country where the land is much subdivided the small proprietor prefers to work on his own land, and is extremely unwilling to undertake any labour for hire. What happened in Jamaica is just what would have happened in France at the Revolution, except that in France land was dear, while in Jamaica land was cheap. In M. de Tocqueville's judgment, therefore, the system of emancipation applied to the English colonies had, as regards most of them, and particularly as regards Jamaica, three principal faults. First, it allowed the negroes to possess land from the very first, instead of putting a check for a time upon this propensity, and so aiding the idea of labour for hire to get some hold on the negro mind. Next, it compelled the blacks to work without pay during the whole time of their apprenticeship; whereas, if they had been accustomed to work for wages from the first, they would have come to associate labour with gain. "The absence of wages is the seal of slavery." Lastly, the law made each emancipated slave the apprentice of his former master, instead of transferring the guardianship of the enfranchised population to the State, which would thus have found itself at liberty to adopt the best and quickest means for preparing them for entire freedom. "Such measures emanating from the State, and not from the master, would not have given birth to those feelings of defiance and hatred between the two races the disastrous effects of which have been so apparent in the colonies of Great Britain. Imposed upon the whites as the condition of obtaining labour, upon the blacks as the price of independence, they would have been readily assented to and scrupulously executed."

In one of the articles reprinted from the *Siccle*, M. de Tocqueville deals in passing with the question whether colonial possessions are any advantage to the Mother-country. He considers that the commercial benefit derivable from them, though it may easily be over-rated, has of late been too much depreciated. With the growing power and importance of the industrial classes in every European country, and the increasing tendency of industrial crises to take the form of political crises, it is of considerable consequence to lessen as far as possible the element of chance in the demand for the products of home labour, and from this point of view colonists make the safest customers. The colonial market is stable, its variations are rarely considerable, and still more rarely sudden. But the principal value to France of her West Indian possessions lies in their situation. The Gulf of Mexico and the Caribbean Sea are already, and will more and more become, "the Mediterranean of the New World." Putting aside such contingencies as the construction of a canal across the isthmus, the pacification of Mexico, the civilization of Central America, the renewed progress of the West Indies themselves—events which would make the waters on which all these countries border the most commercial on the face of the globe—the mere development of the Valley of the Mississippi would give extraordinary importance to the sea into which that river flows:—

It is there that the dominion of the sea will be disputed and conquered. The United States form already (in 1843) the third naval power in the world, and in a not distant future they will dispute the first place with

England. There is no question that the Gulf of Mexico and the Caribbean Sea will be the chief theatre of the struggle, for the place of a maritime war is always determined by the presence of that commerce to protect or to injure which is its principal object.

Upon the French Government of that day M. de Tocqueville thought it necessary to urge the importance of maintaining the West Indian colonies as "citadels from which France may observe events, and hold herself ready to take such part in them as her interest or her greatness may dictate to her." Here, perhaps more than in any purely home question, we may recognise the real strength of the existing Government of France. The nation feels that "son intérêt et sa grandeur" are safe in the Emperor's hands, and for this it will forgive and put up with much. What must have been the unpopularity of Louis Philippe's foreign policy with the mass of the people when even a philosopher like Tocqueville thought himself obliged to address to the Government such an appeal as this:—

On dit que l'époque que nous traversons, époque consacrée à l'acquisition nécessaire de la richesse, n'est pas propre aux entreprises lointaines, qu'elle se refuse à l'exécution de vastes desseins. Soit; mais si, en effet, la fatigue de la nation, ou plutôt les intérêts et la pusillanimité de ceux qui la gouvernent nous condamnent à rester en dehors du grand théâtre des affaires humaines, conservons du moins les moyens d'y remonter et d'y reprendre notre rôle, dès que les circonstances deviendront favorables. Ne faisons pas usage de nos forces, j'y consens; mais ne les perdons pas. Et si nous n'acquiesçons pas au loin les positions nouvelles qui nous permettraient de prendre facilement une part principale dans les événements qui s'approchent, tâchons du moins de conserver celles que nous avons prudemment acquises.

FAIRY REALM.*

IF Fairies are no longer believed in as the controllers of human destiny that they once were, they still exercise a very living influence in the world of juvenile literature. Nightly travellers may pursue their journey without fear of being misled by the Elfin Puck. Peasants' wives have ceased to dread the calamities which the malignant fays may inflict upon their milking or their baking; hideous and disagreeable old women do not exact tributes of unwilling civility from the wayfarer, through doubt and fear lest he may be accosting no less a person than Queen Mab herself in disguise; but the records of Fairyland are still read with undiminished interest by the young. As all nations, from the rising to the setting of the sun, have at some time paid a certain homage to invisible and supernatural powers exercising an irresistible authority over their destiny, so has each successive generation of juveniles perused with an equal amount of wonderment and interest those histories which bear testimony to the manifold influence of these potent sprites. Of late years fairy literature has increased and multiplied; Grimm, Madame d'Aulnoy, and Miss Bethell have each of them added new charms to oft-told tales. If fictions of this class have, in their westward course, lost something of their Oriental grandeur, they have at least lost nothing of their attractiveness. There can be no doubt that the genii of the *Arabian Nights*, whose fearful forms loom dimly through mysterious shades, are infinitely more awful conceptions than the elves who celebrate their revels on some moonlit green, and whose malignity merely assumes the shape of a strong propensity to create mischief. It is easy to account for this deterioration in the attributes ascribed to the tiny monarchs of mankind. Physical characteristics exert their most marked influence upon the national imagination; and in the East there is much that is peculiarly calculated to imbue the popular mind with a sense of the terrible and sublime. But as we look further westward, where the phenomena of nature cease to attain any extraordinary or awe-inspiring developments, the features which characterize the popular conceptions of the supernatural undergo a corresponding change. The mysterious powers who only deigned to show themselves upon rare occasions, and at some great crisis, give place to the lively fays who interfere in the most humble affairs of sublunary life. Again, as all European imagination is marked by a certain limitation when compared with the creations of the Oriental mind, so, even amongst those elements out of which Western fancy itself is composed, there may be discerned some that in point of grandeur stand out in striking relief from the others; and it will be found that these are the products of countries in which the gloomy or grand aspects of nature are the most prominent. Scandinavia and Germany, especially the regions which border upon the Black Forest, have chiefly contributed to that portion of fairy mythology in which the terrible is predominant; while those tales, on the other hand, which are of purely English or French growth are principally remarkable for their quiet beauty.

It is true that amongst the mythology and legends of all modern nations there are discoverable frequent traces of unity of origin; but even such fictions as are common to Arabia, Scandinavia, and England have at each step in their transmission lost something of their original intensity. Jack the Giant Killer and his victim are possessed of traits essentially human; the one is an adventurous boy, and the other a huge mass of flesh and bone, fierce and cannibalistic in taste. The same legend is to be found in Scandinavian lore, but there we have the god Thor, and his more than mortal guide Strymer. If the East was the home of ancient imagination and supernatural romance, Germany is certainly the chief source of modern fairy

mythology. Narratives of purely German origin have become naturalized in England; their dress is English, but their foreign birth is still apparent. Queen Mab, with all her train, dwelling sometimes in the petals of the flower, sometimes lurking behind the tiniest of leaves, call up ideas quite different from those connected with the beings of unmixed German fancy. But in both countries the supposed functions of fairies are much the same. Legends commemorative of their glories are by no means open to the objection brought by Plato against the Greek myths. They contain nothing which can injure the youthful mind, or instil into it unjust and immoral notions. If the inhabitants of Fairyland are sometimes accused of allowing their humour to run to an unwarrantable length, they do very little serious damage. Robin Goodfellow, it cannot be denied, does occasionally deceive unoffending countrymen on their return from market, and beguile them into the middle of a roadside ditch or pond; but then it must be remembered that these gentlemen had but just left their inns, where man and beast had both been refreshed, and we may reasonably suppose that the moral fay wished to teach them a wholesome lesson of the evil effects of indulging too unreservedly in the heavy potations in which such refreshment usually consists. Of course fairies appear slightly capricious; but then they were such small people that they were occasionally compelled to hold up as a warning to the world the fate that would surely come upon all those who mocked their power. These, however, are exceptional instances, and the general tenor of the annals of Fairyland is such as to convince the reader that he is in the presence of a very virtuous order of sprites. Truth, honesty, cleanliness, and modesty invariably meet with their approval; it is merely those who neglect to practise these excellences that are afflicted with punishment. There is no office too degrading for so lofty a personage even as Robin Goodfellow to perform; but then he insists upon compliance with all the regulations which he may think good to prescribe. For obedient "country maids," to quote the words of Ben Jonson, "he sweeps the hearth and the house clean, and does all their drudging while they are at hot cockles." No reward is too great for mortals who are civil and attentive to fairies in disguise and difficulties; pearls and diamonds are made to follow each word they say. Sweet sleep, pleasant dreams, happy marriages, and family prosperity are amongst the most ordinary blessings bestowed by them on their pious worshippers. Naturally, they could be as vindictive as they were beneficent, but they never were so without cause. It is a calumny to impute to them uncalled-for malignity; they never hated and never injured, except where injury and hatred were deserved. Only dishonest and untidy servants and housewives need dread their power. Puck was to them a minister of wrath. Their butter would not come; their milk never remained fresh; in the very apples which they peeled for pudding or pie some avenging spirit lay hid. But these conscientious imps were not content with enforcing the observance of such simple precepts alone. Respect for Church and State formed no insignificant part of the lessons that they set themselves to teach. Disregard for the ordinance of baptism was generally visited with the abstraction of the infant; and treasonable conversations they constantly contrived to interrupt. Altogether, fairies are an institution decidedly favourable to the inculcation of moral excellence, and the records of their exploits may be pronounced desirable reading in every way for the youthful mind.

It is for these reasons chiefly, we imagine, that even into those families in which works of fiction are generally looked upon with suspicion fairy literature has found a ready admittance. The *Arabian Nights* is often a proscribed volume where the writings of Hans Andersen are hailed with joy. Who could object to narratives such as those of the "Ugly Duckling," the "Generous Wizard," the "Sleeping Beauty," or "Cinderella"? Could anything more severely virtuous be desired than the morals which they convey? Parents who would positively shudder at the thought of entrusting to their children the history of the "golden prime of good Haroun Alraschid," or the "Adventures of Gulliver," are perfectly willing that they should beguile their fancies with the creations of German and French imagination. Grimm and Bunyan are names that may be classed together for the moral value of their respective fictions; but Scheherazade and Swift must be steered clear of, as corrupters of the young. Fairy tales are an inestimable boon to the homes of dreary piety. The most exemplary of children will eventually weary of an unvaried routine of semi-religious anecdotes. The trodden worm will sometimes turn, and it is quite conceivable that the boy or girl may be daring enough to seek for relief in occasional stolen glimpses at books so naughty and dangerous as the *Arabian Nights*. Again, fairy tales serve conveniently to supply the wants of the imagination at a certain period of its development. They do not require for their comprehension the same sustained effort from the young reader that is necessary even for *Heartsease* or the *Daisy Chain*; and they are certainly a great deal more interesting. At the same time, they rise considerably above the rank of collections of incoherent extravagance. That their existence is a special blessing to the rising generation all must admit. *Sandford and Merton*, and Miss Edgeworth's Tales, are doubtless very instructive, but they are terribly dull. The chroniclers of the doings of the fays, who have during the present century interspersed the dreary waste of juvenile reading with many a bright oasis, will merit the eternal gratitude of successive races of children.

Mr. Hood is certainly proving himself the staunch friend of the

* *Fairy Realm*. A Collection of the Favourite Old Fairy Tales. Illustrated by the pencil of Gustave Doré. Told in Verse by Tom Hood. London: Ward, Lock, & Tyler. 1866.

juvenile public. He is always ready to promote their merriment as one who himself enjoys it. A certain spirit of enthusiasm is apparent in his last contribution to the amusement of the young, and he has told the "favourite old fairy tales" with a keen relish of their beauties. There is some difficulty in narrating a history, of whatever kind it may be, which is familiar to every one. Unless there is something new about it, it is sure to prove tedious, while, if there is too much novelty, it is spoiled. Mr. Hood has steered midway between this Scylla and Charybdis; he has taken pains to leave the subject-matter much as he found it, with no omissions and without any very serious additions, and has ingeniously changed the form. It is by no means a bad idea to put forth to the world the fates of Cinderella, Hop-o'-my-Thumb, and other equally great celebrities in verse. These tales have higher pretensions than their titles might at first seem to imply. The passages essential to the narrative are interspersed by various descriptions, and serio-comic soliloquies; and these descriptive and reflective parts are in many cases gracefully executed, though more than once they drag and retard the liveliness of the anecdote. In the "Sleeping Beauty" Mr. Hood has succeeded best, while his version of "Little Red Riding Hood" is his worst. The former of these displays more care and patience than are often discernible in the works of one who is so rapid and prolific a writer; and we can only wish that Mr. Hood would work up the details of all the subjects upon which he dilates, as well as he has done in the case of the "Sleeping Beauty." It is in this poem that the best versification in the volume is to be found, and very happy occasionally it is. Mr. Hood's puns, if not first-rate, are at least sufficiently good to pass muster when accompanied by the rapidity of his metre; and the spirit and freshness which characterize his performance throughout are enough to excuse several minor defects.

The illustrations are exactly what might have been expected from M. Gustave Doré; they are exceedingly powerful. But M. Doré is at home rather in the terrible than in the purely grotesque. When he seeks to be nothing more than amusing he frequently inspires awe as well. As an instance of this, we would refer to his frontispiece. A number of children are grouped round the traditional grandmother, all of them intently listening to the words of wonderment that fall from her lips; but the anxiety and eagerness which they display have nothing peculiarly childish about them, and their expression might as well be on an age-worn face as on that of an infant six or seven years old. M. Doré seems to us to have comparatively little sense of what might be strictly called fun. That his conceptions are grand in the extreme it would be impossible to deny. He has shown in an unprecedented degree the perfection to which wood-engraving can be brought. Nothing could be more effective than his illustrations appended to "Hop o' my Thumb," in which the torchlight's gleam seems actually to glare out upon us from amid foliage of pitchy darkness. One of his noonday scenes is, however, as good as any. We allude to that one in which,

Where the water-fall piped in the shrillest of troubles,
Hop o' my Thumb filled his pocket with pebbles.

A quiet beauty pervades this, which is an agreeable feature in Mr. Doré's drawings. The efforts of both author and artist have been sufficiently successful to ensure the volume an undoubted popularity. The "favourite old fairy tales" have lost none of their charms in Mr. Hood's version, which will, we venture to predict, rapidly ingratiate itself with the juvenile public for which it is intended.

DICTIONNAIRE UNIVERSEL DES CONTEMPORAINS.*

THE Dictionary of Contemporary Biography, of which the third edition has lately been put forth by M. Vapereau, is the most remarkable monument of its kind that exists in the literature of any country. The boldness and breadth of view implied in the conception of such a project, and the industry and perseverance required to bring together so vast a mass of material, together with the commercial enterprise displayed by an undertaking on so vast a scale, are such as to put to the blush any efforts in the same direction that have been made amongst ourselves. In point of mere bulk and weight, we can indeed throw into the scale against it our *Post-Office Directory*. But in no other respect, save in the matter of patient and mechanical compilation, can that highly praiseworthy calendar of names, streets, and callings compare with a series of carefully-written lives like that before us. Here we have, instead of a pile of dead facts and figures, a succession of living organisms. Our Peerages and repertoires of the landed gentry and leading families of the realm form another extremely creditable and useful body of information. We have also our series of national and general biography, such as they are; though these are for the most part consecrated to the memory of bygone celebrities, and not the whole of them combined can pretend to come near their foreign rival, the *Biographie Universelle*. But neither as a body of statistics, nor as a repository of genealogical and domestic lore, nor as a roll of honour comprising the eminent names and deeds of all countries alike, can we set up any of these manuals against one which sums up in itself the qualifications of all the rest. In such a series as that before us, the task is no other than that of exhibiting the history of the politics, the philosophy,

the sciences and arts, the mechanical advances, and the social life of a period, in the form of compendious notices of the leading agents in each department. And this task becomes harder when it applies to personages still living, and to a state of things the issues of which relate to the future. Here eminence has to be judged of while there is still the possibility of a fall, and situations of affairs have to be depicted the development of which may falsify the calculation even before the record meets the eye of the public. For the chronicler of his contemporaries to be at once full, precise, impartial, and intuitive of the future implies a combination of qualities by no means easy of attainment; and to have exhibited them in so high a degree as M. Vapereau and his assistants have done in their laborious work entitles these gentlemen to the thanks, not only of their countrymen, but of Europe and the world.

The enormous growth of matter since the period of the original publication of the Dictionary, in 1858, forced upon the editor the adoption of some rule for keeping the bulk of his work within reasonable bounds. Not only had entirely new names sprung into notoriety in the interval, but in almost every instance it had become necessary to bring the original memoir of each personage of note up to the mark of existing events. The changes that have thus been forced upon him have been such as to give to the latest issue the air, not so much of a reproduction, as of a second or third volume of the original work. The rule adopted by him in consequence has been to retrench the volume at once by omitting the whole list of personages, with few exceptions, who died between the 1st of January, 1855, and the 1st of January, 1860. Among these are Béranger, Cavaignac, Humboldt, Macaulay, Nicholas I., and Rachel, the notices of whom ran to a considerable length in proportion to the rest. But the space thus left vacant has been more than filled up by the accession of more recent, if less distinguished, names. We are glad to hear, however, that the time and trouble bestowed upon these notices will not have been thrown away upon a mere fleeting record; neither will the public be finally deprived of them as a useful means of reference. For such worthies, as they pass away, niches will be found in the rapidly filling pantheon which M. Vapereau tells us he has in process of formation, in the shape of a similar Dictionary of Distinguished Personages lately deceased.

We may see in the article "Lincoln" a characteristic instance of the rapid culmination and even the setting of luminaries whose orb, at the date of the first appearance of this series, had scarcely risen above the horizon. In the original edition the name was absent altogether. Had it found a place there, it could have appeared only as that of an obscure American, "fendeur de bûches, en train de devenir homme de loi." Whilst the second edition was preparing, Abraham Lincoln was a candidate for the Presidency of the United States. Fearful of letting slip the future President, then veiled by the mysteries of the scrutiny, the compiler of the Dictionary gave short notices to each of the candidates, Lincoln among the rest. Now, Lincoln is one of the greatest names in the history of America, and his biography, closing with the tragic story of his death, forms one of the most conspicuous articles in the present work.

Countries the very names of which were absent from the first impression, or which were represented only by a scattered name or two of scanty estimation or doubtful authenticity, have now supplied a whole host of candidates for niches in the temple of fame. The most conspicuous example of this sudden and prolific harvest of notoriety is naturally that of the North American continent. Each of the rival Federations will find here by the score those names which, whether for honour or dishonour, have been for the last four years habitually on American lips. Few will, we think, complain of any undue bias or breach of impartiality in the records of the late fierce national struggle. Political judgment seems to be in all cases subordinated with perfect fairness to a strict, even a dry, narrative of facts. The careers of Lincoln and Davis, Seward and Chase, Sillidell and Mason are followed by M. Vapereau with a fulness which speaks volumes for the care with which the details of the recent struggle have been posted up, and at the same time with a reticence in point of sentiment which never suffers the biographer to pass into the partisan. The exploits of Lee and Grant, Sherman and Beauregard, Farragut and Semmes are blazoned in impartial characters. Severe and cold, the muse forbids even Butler to be gibbeted to posterity as the Beast, and is kindly silent as to the charges of exaction and peculation which have been brought against the fallen commander. The soul of old John Brown may march on content with what notice is here meted out to his wild crusade, disturbed by no party strife as to the political merits of the deeds done in that body which now lies mouldering in his grave. The issues of union and separation, slavery and freedom, are not fought out upon the field of M. Vapereau's pages. With equal impartiality, Mexico contributes not only Juárez and his ex-rival in the presidency, Miramon, now a marshal of the Empire, but Generals Almonte and Zaragoza, together with their Imperial master, Maximilian. China, to which the *Dictionnaire des Contemporains* is the first among biographical compilations to open its columns (not excepting the *Almanac de Gotha* itself), supplies us with its young Emperor, Tongtchih, and its Regent, Prince Kung, besides the apostolic administrator, Mgr. Mouly. Even the Annamite Empire sends in its sovereign prince, Tu-Duc. South America figures here in its generals and presidents, like Mitre or Carrera; nor is the monarch of a day omitted, His Majesty Antoine Orellana—the first and last "King of Arau-

* *Dictionnaire Universel des Contemporains, contenant toutes les Personnes notables de la France et des Pays étrangers.* Par G. Vapereau. 3^{me} édition. 1866.

cania," once known as the more humble *avoué* of Périgueux, M. de Tonneins, though in what rank of the social scale we are now to class his ex-Majesty even M. Vapereau's industry fails to enlighten us. From Madagascar come the late King Rhadama II., and his Minister Lambert, a compatriot of the author, while from the Sandwich Isles we welcome the present and late representatives of the dynasty of Kamehameha. Nor is the royal progress of the widowed Queen Emma through Europe, with her reception amongst ourselves so late as last September, an event too recent or too obscure for a place in this all-embracing chronicle. Persia has here her able statesman Hassan Ali Khan, and her learned Mirza, whose "vision" in all that concerns the languages, literature, and religion of the East is not less keen or wide than that of his mythical namesake who discourses to us through Addison's musical prose on the sources of truth, the beauty of virtue, and the way to be happy in general. The Turk will find here the favoured lord and master of the Porte, Abd-ul-Aziz, and his vassal Daoud Pasha, Governor of Syria, with the rival rather than the tributary of the Sultan, the millionaire among princes, Ismael, Viceroy of Egypt. The Montenegrin may trace the fortunes of his liege lord the Vladika Prince Nicholas I., and the Rouman will find still on record the recent tragic fate of the patriotic Premier Barbo Catardji by the hand of an assassin. The annals of Greece are brought down late enough to include the figure of her young King taking the oath to the new Constitutional Charter, as well as to trace the shifting fortunes of his predecessor on that slippery throne, though no record can be expected to keep pace with anything so like dissolving views as the succession of Greek Ministries. Still less need it detract from the diligence of M. Vapereau in keeping *au courant* with the latest item of Continental politics or gossip that his pages still blazon forth the title of Prince Couza, among the reigning sovereigns of Europe, as "His Majesty Alexander John I., first ruler of Moldavia and Wallachia."

Nor are the notices of men distinguished for other than royal or diplomatic greatness less ample and precise. As we turn over these teeming pages we can hardly think of a name of any real mark, in our own country or in Europe, that has escaped M. Vapereau's watchful eye. Sir Hope Grant and Sir R. Airey do the honours for their living comrades in arms; while Lord Clyde has, we perceive, not yet been withdrawn from the list of contemporary biography to the receptacle which is being prepared for the *manes* of departed greatness. The honour of the British flag at sea is upheld by the noble lord at present Secretary to the Admiralty, seconded by Sir James Hope and Sir Henry Keppel; the memory of Sir Charles Napier, Lord Dundonald, and R. S. Dundas being still kept green by a full and glowing record of their achievements. A careful and discriminating notice of Mr. Cobden concludes with the record of his death. Our travellers and men of letters and science find representatives—some happily in the flesh, others living in honourable recollection—in Fitzroy, Edward Forbes, Snow Harris, Wheatstone, Grant, Speke (whose premature fate is, of course, not passed over), Oliphant, and Sir James Brooke. We do not see why Darwin and Huxley are left out. We have gone through nearly half the Royal Academy, and have so far not found one name missing. The House of Peers seems to have been incorporated bodily, and hardly a name of distinction in the Commons is conspicuous for its absence. Ecclesiastical rank, combined with theological eminence, ensures the recognition of *Mon-signore* Manning and Bishop Colenso. A vainer man than Dr. Cumming might be pardoned a little self-complacency on finding that not even his name had been passed over among such goodly company. While stooping to the humblest of living subjects, M. Vapereau knows also where to lay his hand upon those facts that are generally the most secret and remote. Nothing within the range of living memory, or beyond it, seems to escape his ken. To him and to his colleague, M. Ferdinand Herold, might well be assigned some share in the compliment once paid to a time-honoured biographer and archeologist of our own country:—

Plague on't, quoth Time to Thomas Hearne,
Whatever I forget you learn.

If any of our readers are curious to know the real age of Madame George Sand or the Countess Hahn-Hahn or Madame Grisi, we will say no more than that M. Vapereau is ready to reveal even such mysteries as these. It is best left, perhaps, to ladies to judge of the propriety or gallantry of such tell-tale notices. That discreet reserve as to dates which is, we believe, the result of a tacit understanding between the female portion of our aristocracy and the compilers of our fashionable Peerages cannot, we suppose, be properly extended to the case of popular favourites in literature or art. Of the accuracy of our author on such points we are further still from wishing to make ourselves arbiters. He may be correct in the year that he assigns for the birth of the *Diva*; the same, we perceive, that he gives to Signor Mario. Fain would we believe that he has antedated both events, as he unaccountably has anticipated the death of Madame Goldschmidt-Lind, who, we are happy to say, did not die in 1860—as the citizens of Cannes can bear witness, whose ears have very recently been thrilled by the voice of the Nightingale, and whose charities have been enriched by her untiring munificence. To have avoided every error in a series of upwards of twenty thousand articles would, indeed, have been little short of a miracle. It has surprised us to have come upon so few cases, either of inaccuracy or of omission, within the range which our personal knowledge enables us to cover. As regards style, M. Vapereau's notices are clear, methodical, and concise.

In not a few of them the subject rises to the importance of a chapter of contemporary history. We have here, of course, little more than the skeleton of events. To clothe them with the rounded form and ornate graces of living history lies beyond the scope of a work of reference like the present. A critic who wished to be severe has, the writer tells us, made the remark that the book was like a certain class of families, more honest than rich. Whether a work can be called poor which brings together some half-million facts and references, may be open to opinion. The present compilation can at least appropriate the compliment offered to its uprightness. Out of its four thousand columns it would be difficult to pick a line dictated by intentional bad faith. Manipulate or torture the mass before us as we may, we do not think we should succeed in squeezing out of it a single drop of venom or of gall.

ROUS ON HORSE-RACING.*

THE opinions of Admiral Rous on all subjects connected with horse-racing are always heard with respect, even if they do not invariably command assent. When he tells us that "France has produced the best horse since the days of Bay Middleton," it must be left to those who have seen the Derby for the last thirty years to controvert if they can the Admiral's estimate of Gladiateur's merit. "There is an ignorant notion abroad that the thoroughbreds have degenerated," but Admiral Rous holds, on the contrary, that "the racehorse never was so good." He ridicules the recent outcry against light weights and short courses, and he argues that, as a horse which can stay two miles is worth 2,000*l.*, while a speedy jade is not worth 200*l.*, sufficient inducement is offered for the production of stout horses. Persons who do not approve the existing system as fully as Admiral Rous would probably agree with him as to the expediency of leaving horse-trainers and owners to manage their own affairs. It may be remarked, however, that the Admiral is scarcely consistent with himself; for he seems to intimate that our Government ought to interpose to prevent our best horses being sent abroad. "Everything here depends upon private individual speculation," and whether the Admiral approves this system at the beginning or disapproves it at the end of his book, the system is not likely to be changed.

The Admiral is forcible in his denunciation of the exactions of lessees of race-courses. Even at Doncaster, so celebrated for its liberality to the Turf, while the amount of prizes advertised in 1864 was 2,200*l.*, the deductions on various pretexts amounted to upwards of 1,400*l.* "The only improvement which has taken place is owing to some feeling of compunction that, as the racing community enriches the Corporation, and pays all the rates and taxes, the authorities have at last forbidden the saints to vilify us with damnable placards from the trees in the avenue leading to the race-course." We believe that the placards of which the Admiral complains were the result of a compromise between opposing influences, and in that view it was always possible to persevere with equanimity. It was understood that a respectable resident in Doncaster had proposed to the Corporation to abolish racing; and, although they could not quite go that length, they offered their pious townsman every facility for proclaiming that racing is sinful. The compromise was much like that arrived at between Frederick of Prussia and his subjects—"My people say what they please, and I do what I please." A new source of profit has been lately introduced by the lessees of race-courses—namely, to put up to auction the winners of selling-stakes and to pocket the overplus. This lucrative business produces to lessees 14,000*l.* a year, and the practice is approved by the ingenious gentlemen who "enters a 500*l.* horse, winner to be sold for 30*l.*, backs him for all the money in the Ring, and then repurchases him for his real value, or makes a bargain with the lessee before the race, and the sale is fictitious." The only qualification which we have to suggest upon this passage is that probably the Ring is by this time nearly even with the horse-owners in intelligence upon this as upon other points.

The chapter which supplies a sort of running commentary on the Rules of Betting is highly interesting, for the author has seen and known much of the ways of men upon the Turf. Commenting upon the 1st Rule, which is that "in all bets there must be a possibility to win when the bet is made, and you cannot win when you cannot lose," we are told that if A, after consulting a dictionary, betted on the spelling of a word, the wager would not hold good, "because this is an attempt to commit robbery." It will be easily understood to what transaction the author here refers. It will be observed that the language of the rule is not accurate, for the author himself gives an example in which a bet might be good although there would be no possibility to lose. He supposes a bet between A and B on the height of a room, and he says that if A, without the knowledge of B, has measured the height beforehand, the bet would be void. But it seems to be implied that, if A had not taken this precaution, the bet would be good. In "bets on facts" there cannot be, correctly speaking, a possibility to lose, because the fact exists before the bet is made, although the knowledge of the parties respecting it is or ought to be defective. However, the rule is intelligible, if not logical, and a sound commentary on it would be that you should not make bets on facts at all, seeing that, if you win, you are very likely to be charged with "an attempt to commit robbery." The author's remarks on Rule 2 have reference to the well-known Claxton case, and he restates the

* On the Law and Practice of Horse-Racing, &c. &c. By the Hon. Admiral Rous. London: A. H. Baily & Co. 1866.

argument by which, against considerable outcry, he maintained the decision in that case to be correct. An addition has been made to Rule 2, in order to prevent the same game being played again. We will not revive this case, which was sufficiently discussed last year, but will rather borrow the author's description of a game which was played in 1812. "A circumstance occurred" at Newmarket in that year which showed that the Ring could not protect themselves against the tricks of horse-owners without P.P. :-

Two horses belonging to a noble lord, Cwrrw and a colt by Remembrancer, were in the Two Thousand Guineas Stakes. The latter was backed to win 20,000*l.* He was ridden past the Ring with Chifney on his back, and a stable lad on Cwrrw. At the starting-post Chifney changed his mount. Cwrrw became first favourite, and won an immense stake. The Remembrancer colt did not start, by which the Ring lost a great portion of their field-money, the Two Thousand Guineas Stakes at that time not being a P.P. race, but it has been so ever since.

The author exposes, with his usual force and freedom, the "imbecility" of the opponents of P.P. If, says he, the Jockey Club had the power to abolish P.P. betting, "they could not prevent horse-owners from robbing the Ring or their own friends by starting horses unprepared." It must be allowed that horse-owners are under considerable temptation to "rob," whenever they can get a chance; for we find the author, after a few pages, describing with delightful vigour the antagonism between the patrons and employers of touts and the owners of horses, "who may wish to back them when they think they have a chance to win." In the event of a hopeful trial, information from the watchers always reaches headquarters sooner than the report from the stable, and before the owner has made a bet the cream of the market has been swept off, and "nothing is left but the skim-milk, or the painful operation of scratching him for his engagement, and incurring the vituperations of the initiated in the garb of injured innocence." It is a melancholy deduction from the Admiral's pages that the only honest creatures on the Turf are the horses, who are "liable to be poisoned by the sinners, and certain to be anathematized by the saints." There are probably every year persons who would pay a handsome sum to cut the throat of a Derby favourite, for they would argue that they could only have a chance of winning if he lived, but a certainty if he died. It is hard upon the racehorse that, whether he has won his trial or gone amiss, somebody is interested to pray for his decease. In double-event bets the death of the nominator of a horse named nullifies the bet, but the death of the horse does not. The Admiral's dry comment on this rule is:—"The reason is obvious; the owner of a lame horse would destroy him to wipe off a bad bet; it would be a different affair to destroy the nominator."

The only defect which we can discover in this book is an occasional obscurity of expression, caused probably by the author's long familiarity with the subject on which he writes. We will quote a passage which appears hard to understand:—

If A. takes 100*l.* to 10*l.* that the winner of the Two Thousand Guineas Stakes wins the Derby, and the horse named wins the first event, but is not entered for the latter race, the bet is lost. A. has had a chance to win.

This seems to be intended as an example of a double-event bet, and we conceive the Admiral to have meant to say that "if the horse which wins the first event is not entered for the latter race, the bet is lost"; and if he meant this, we should agree with him, because, as he says, "A. has had a chance to win," seeing that the Two Thousand might have been won by a horse which was entered for the Derby.

In the next page we find a case stated with unexceptionable clearness:—

If, upon backing a certain number of horses against the field, one or more of the horses named should be disqualified, or should have been struck out, or should not have been entered, the bet stands good, provided there be one horse in the lot qualified to run at the time the bet was made; but if all the horses named in the bet were disqualified when the bet was laid, it is void, on the principle that you cannot lose when you cannot win.

The merit of perspicuity belongs especially to the chapter on "The Sale and Purchase of Horses," and it were to be wished that the Admiral's style in writing upon legal questions might be imitated by lawyers. There is, at the end of the volume, a curious collection of racing cases adjudged by the Jockey Club. Among these cases is that of Rasselas, which was quoted in connection with the Claxton case last year. The case arose out of the race for the Somersetshire Stakes in 1829, in which Rasselas came in first. It was discovered after the race that the person in whose name Rasselas was entered was dead before the race. The owner of the second horse, Liston, claimed the stakes. The Stewards of the Jockey Club decided that Liston was entitled to the stakes, because of all the horses qualified to start for the stakes he was the first, Rasselas being disqualified by the death of the person in whose name he was entered. But the Stewards thought that in this case, as in that of a horse disqualified to start from the stakes not having been duly made, the bets should stand according as the horses came in. The Admiral says, by way of comment, that this decision was at variance with the fundamental principle of racing—namely, that the interests of the stakes and bets are inseparable, excepting where stakes have been omitted to be made. The rule which embodies this "fundamental principle" afterwards received an addition which would have justified the decision in the case of Rasselas if it had existed when that decision was made. That addition is, in substance, that, if an objection is made to the qualification of a horse, on the ground of incorrect nomination, after the race is run, the bets shall go to the horse that comes in first. Admiral Rous says, in com-

menting upon this rule, that the object of the addition is transparent. Owners or trainers of horses engaged in a race ought to be aware of the various disqualifications of other horses, which the author instances. "Then of course the proper time to complain was before the race, when these horses would not have been allowed to start, instead of waiting with a nest-egg to ascertain the result of the race, which, if favourable to the possessor of the secret, would not be mentioned, but reserved for a future opportunity." Persons interested ought to object beforehand, and, if they do not, bets ought to go as the horses are actually placed. This is the Admiral's present opinion; but in commenting on the case of Rasselas he says, "The nominator of Rasselas was known to be dead, and was buried at Bath, therefore Rasselas ought not to have been allowed to start, and the bets as well as the stakes should have been awarded to Liston." This seems to amount to saying that the matter was notorious, and the objection ought to have been taken before the race, and, as it was not, bets ought to have gone to the second horse placed. But this is the same reason as was given just above for awarding the bets to the first horse. However, we hold it to be a small objection to Admiral Rous's book that he contradicts himself occasionally.

SONGS AND BALLADS OF CUMBERLAND.

THE difficulty which besets a critic who wishes to be moderately eulogistic is never more plainly seen than in the case of poetical critics. They seem singularly unable to prevent the spirit of eulogy from running away with them. Reviewers in all branches of literature are unhappily so accustomed to feebleness and trash that even the faintest gleam of intelligence or power excites an altogether disproportionate amount of admiration. In poetry this is especially the case. The critic begins by liking a thing, and then very speedily feels persuaded that he never liked anything so much before in all his life. The editor of the volume of Cumberland songs and ballads before us has given way most egregiously to this excess of eulogy. Some of the verses are excellent enough, but this sounds like a weak and chilly sort of approval; and, with the additional stimulus of local partiality, the editor is compelled by his feelings to declare that there has seldom been anything heard more truly poetic and admirable. Perhaps, in the present instance, local enthusiasm is so strong as to throw any critical qualities the editor may be endowed with into a very remote background. The spirit of vagabond cosmopolitanism is so mightily abroad that it is quite charming to find the flame of county patriotism still burning brightly in one breast at least. One cannot help envying the exalted complacency with which the editor reflects that "we can now claim for 'canny auld Cumberlan' one of the best hunting-songs in our language, 'D' ye ken John Peel?' and one of the best sea-songs, 'The Old Commodore,' whilst some of our finest love-songs are among those left us by Miss Blamire of Thackwood." Indeed, Miss Blamire "possessed the most original and most reflective mind that Cumberland has produced, always excepting the revered name of William Wordsworth." A careful study of this lady's poetry will, we are assured, "assist us much in cultivating the powers of the imagination, and will prepare our minds to feel the influence of whatever is beautiful, and love whatever is good. For, if we ignore the imagination and cultivate fully the other gifts of the understanding, we may become acute materialists, and so make fragments of our minds—isolated pillars—but can never build up massive towers of strength such as all fully-developed minds become, with faculties keenly alive to seize upon all beauty and all truth." This passage shows that the editor is a follower of the very grandest style of prose. His principles of poetic criticism are probably summed up in the comprehensive conviction that Cumberland poetry is unrivalled—an amiable partiality with which it is not at all worth while to quarrel.

As Miss Blamire is the most original and reflective mind that Cumberland has produced, it is just to begin with her verses, and to select from these what the editor pronounces to be her masterpiece. "Does any one object and say that it is but a fragment? Well, truly, it is even so—and yet what a GLORIOUS FRAGMENT." This "glorious fragment" is the famous song, "And ye shall walk in silk attire," of which the merits are incontestable. But we don't see why the writer should call it a fragment, as it is quite complete and intelligible as it stands. The simplicity of the language and the beauty of the thought make it a very fine song. There is another song in the collection by the same writer, which is nearly as good as this, and suggested by the same situation—an old man with money, and a young man without, competing for a maiden's hand. The result of the contest cannot be doubted for a moment in rural poetry, though in a modern novel the decision would be just the reverse; only in the novel the young man would be kept dangling on after the lady had married the old one. Perhaps the country fashion is better:—

To lo'e the carle that is sae auld,
Alak! it is na' i' my nature;
Sae but three hairs he wad be bald,
And wears nae wig to look the better:
The staff he's used this twenty year
I saw him burn it i' the fire;
Sae young the gowk tries to appear,
And fain wad mak ilk wrinkle liar.

* The Songs and Ballads of Cumberland; with Biographical Sketches, Notes, and Glossary. Edited by Sidney Gilpin. London: Routledge & Sons. 1866.

My Sandy has na muckle gear,
But then he has an air sae genty;
He's aye sae canty, ye wad swear
That he had goud and siller plenty.
He says he cares na for my wealth;
And though we get nought frae my daddie,
He'll cater for me while he's health,
Goodnight—I'm off then wi' my laddie.

As is commonly found among all versifiers but those of the first or second rank, the sensibility to the pathos or humour of homely scenes is no measure or symptom of a wider and deeper sensibility. The moment Miss Blamire begins to talk of the more unseen experiences, in spite of her being the most reflective mind in Cumberland except Wordsworth's, she finds her way into the very thinnest and most conventional stratum of feeling. For instance, there are some verses written "during sickness," and entitled "To-Morrow." In the opening stanzas various instances are given of people who "can from Futurity borrow A balm for the griefs that afflict us to-day." Then we come to the climax:—

And when the vain shadows of Time are retiring,
When life is fast fleeting, and death is in sight,
The Christian believing, exulting, expiring,
Beholds a to-morrow of endless delight!
The Infidel then sees no joyous to-morrow,
Yet he knows that his moments must hasten away;
Poor wretch! can he feel without heart-rending sorrow,
That his joys and his life must expire with to-day!

This is not poetry at all, but only the conventional peroration of the sermon of an average young curate. Then there are some verses, passably absurd, "Written in a Churchyard, on seeing a number of Cattle grazing in it." The sort of reflection which the spectacle suggested may be seen from any stanza taken at random:—

Then come, ye vain, whom Fortune deigns to bless,
This scene at once shall all her fronds expose,
And ye who Beauty's loveliest charms possess
From this may find a moral in the rose.

In truth, as we recently remarked in noticing a collection of the lyrics of Lancashire, verses of this sort are out of place in a volume whose special characteristic is the illustration of local peculiarities and local sentiments. Reflections about cattle in a churchyard would be just as likely to suggest themselves in one county as another, and nobody wants them in a volume of Cumberland songs and ballads, unless, at least, they had been expressed in the Cumberland dialect. On the whole, the present editor has been exceptionally judicious in keeping out non-dialect verses.

The dialect, it must be confessed, is more uncouth and difficult than that of most other English districts. For instance, a pretty frequent reference to the glossary is necessary for such a stanza as this:—

'Twas nobbet last week, nae langer seyne,
I whyn'd i' the nuik, I can't tell how;
"Get up," says my fadder, "and sarra the sweyne!"
"I's bravely, Bab!" says I, "how's tou?"
Naeist mworn to t'cwoals I was fwor'd to gang,
But cowp'd the cars at Tindel Fell,
For I cruin'd aw the way, as I trotted along,
"O that I'd niver kent Barbary Bell!"

And we scarcely find anything very strikingly original or characteristic under all this. The songs of Cumberland are very much like the peasant songs of Scotland, and with these most of us are already familiar enough. Scotland has Burns, and Cumberland has William Wordsworth. But the ordinary run of songs is much the same. They hardly move out of the beaten track of rustic themes—the loves of young men and maidens, constancy and inconstancy, the preference of poor but honest swains to rich fops. One specimen, from the works of Robert Anderson, a poet well known about Carlisle, may give a perfectly good idea of the style of the majority of the ballads:—

When I the wood, I heard some talk;
They cutter'd [whispered] on, but varra low;
I hid mysel aint a yek [oak],
An' Peggy wi' a chap sin saw:
He smackt her lips, she cried, "Give ower!
We lasses aw are pleag't wi' men;"
I tremblin stuid, but durst speak,
Tho' fain wad coddled Peggy Pen!
He cawt her Marget, sometimes Miss;
He spak queyte feyne, and kiss'd her han'
He bragg'd of aw his fadder hed;
I sigh'd; for we've nae house or lan':
Said he, "My dear, I've watch'd you oft,
And seen you link through wood and glen,
With one George Moor, a rustic poor,
Not fit to wait on sweet Miss Pen!"
She drew her han', and turn'd her roun';
"Lets hae nae mair sec talk," says she;
"Tho' Gwordine Muir be nobbet puir,
He's dearer nor a prince to me!
My fadder scauls [scolds], mworn, nuin, and neet;
My mudder fratches [quarrels] sair—what then?
This warl's gear cou'd never buy
Frae Gworge, tae luive o' Peggy Pen!"
"O Miss!" says he, "forget such fools;
Nor heed the awkward, stupid clown;
If such a creecher spoke to me,
I'd quickly knock the booby down."
"Come on," says I, "thy strength e'en try;
An' head ower heels sec chaps I'd sen';
Lug off thy cwoat: I'll feight aw neet,
Wi' three, leyke thee, for Peggy Pen."

There is obviously no fine poetic feeling here, and there is a decided air of commonplace. But then this is the case with nine out

of ten ballads. Such gems as "Auld Robin Gray," or Carey's "Sally in Our Alley," are rare in any language. As the ballad is only fitted to express a very simple set of feelings, perhaps its monotony in the hands of men who fall short of genius is not wonderful. In modern times the poets of Cumberland have no themes found for them, as in the palmy days of the border ballad, in the wars and raids of the Border. The dull peaceful round of peasant life requires an original poetic genius in order to picture it in songs of more than local interest. The present collection is worth making, but it is scarcely the most attractive of the various volumes of dialect poetry which have appeared in comparatively recent times. To Cumberland people, however, it will no doubt seem to have many advantages over the lyrics of Dorsetshire or Lancashire. And with this measure of success we are quite sure that the patriotic editor will be more than content.

Some injustice was done to M. VICTOR HUGO in our notice last week of his new novel. M. HUGO does not write le premier de la quatrième as French for the Fifth of Forth. His words are—"Un coup d'équinoxe vient de démolir sur la frontière d'Angleterre et d'Écosse la falaise Première des Quatre, First of the Fourth." The phrase to us is still unmeaning, and we regret that, in our attempt to make it less so, we should have been misled, in common with the English translator, into the inaccuracy which we now correct.

NOTICE.

The publication of the SATURDAY REVIEW takes place on Saturday mornings, in time for the early trains, and copies may be obtained in the Country, through any News-agent, on the day of publication.

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